

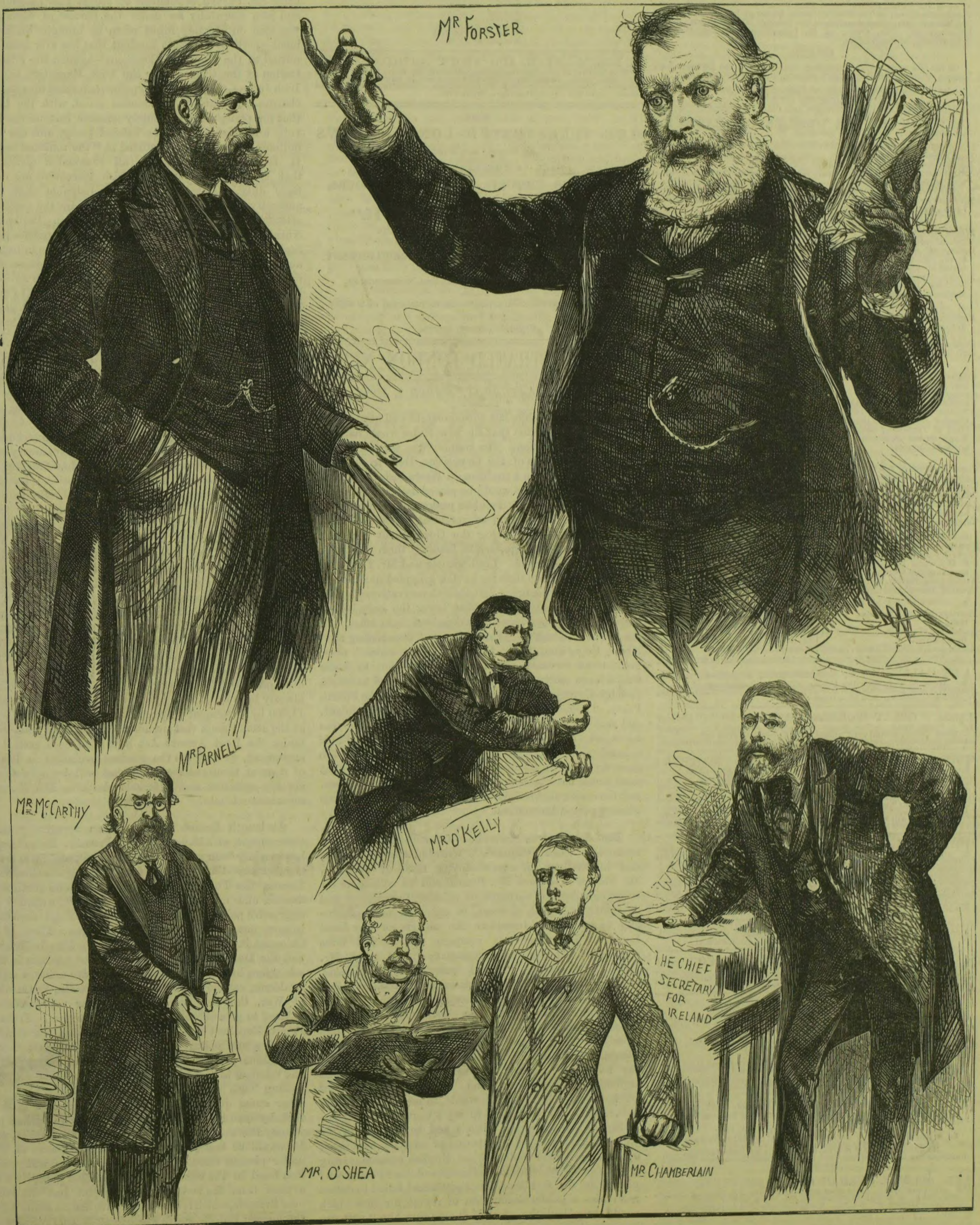
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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No. 2289.—VOL. LXXXII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1883.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS } SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: ATTACK AND DEFENCE.—SEE "THE SILENT MEMBER."

BIRTHS.

On the 24th ult., at Glendine, county Wexford, the Lady Emily Chichester, of a son.  
On the 24th ult., at Hampton Court, the wife of Montague C. Barker, Esq., of a daughter.  
On the 21st ult., at The Grange, Bitton, Gloucestershire, the wife of William Somerville, jun., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

By Telegram.—On the 21st ult., at Trinity Church, Fort Bellary, Ceded Districts, Madras Presidency, by the Rev. Walter Wace, B.A., Chaplain of Bellary, Frederick Augustus Lascelles Davidson, Esq., 2nd Battalion the Royal Scots Fusiliers, Secunderabad, eldest son of A. A. Davidson, Esq., A.K.C. and F.L.S., Lieut.-Colonel Madras Staff Corps, Bellary, to Amy Beatrice, elder daughter of the late Edward Payton Wright, Esq., and of Mrs. Wright, of 102, Inverness-terrace, London, W.; and at the same time and place, F. H. S. Murphy, Esq., Surgeon Army Medical Department, son of M. W. Murphy, Esq., Surgeon-General Army Medical Department, to Evelyn Constance, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel A. A. Davidson, A.K.C. and F.L.S., Madras Staff Corps, Bellary.

On the 18th ult., at St. Mary's Church, Plaistow, Essex, by the Rev. M. S. Maul, Charles Alfred Watkins, youngest son of John Watkins, Esq., of Norwood, Surrey, to Emily Ann Walker, second daughter of Timothy J. Walker, of Gourrock, Scotland.

On the 6th ult., at Hove parish church, by the Rev. T. Jones, father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Canon Lewis and the Rev. T. Peacey, Vicar of the parish, Lieut.-Colonel H. T. Jones-Vaughan, East Yorkshire Regiment, only son of the Rev. T. Jones, Rector of Llanengan, to Anna Eva Mary Sophia, eldest daughter of the late Rev. E. C. Owen, St. Paul's, Dolgelly, and Mrs. Owen, of 26, Palmeira-square, Brighton, and Hengwrtucha, Merionethshire.

DEATH.

On the 21st inst., at 13, Queensberry-place, S.W., the Dowager Lady Johnson, widow of Sir Henry Allen Johnson, Bart., in her 84th year.

\* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 10.

SUNDAY, MARCH 4.  
Fourth Sunday in Lent.  
Morning Lessons: Gen. xlii.; Mark, vi 14-30. Evening Lessons: Gen. xliii. or xlv.; Rom. xiii.  
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m.  
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m.  
7 p.m., Rev. Dr. Forrest.

MONDAY, MARCH 5.  
British Architects' Institute, special general meeting, 8 p.m., Mr. J. E. Howard on Land Surveying.  
Society of Arts, Cantor Lecture, 8 p.m., Mr. Leopold Field on Illuminating Agents.  
London Institution, 5 p.m., Mr. Seymour Haden on the Great Masters of Etching.

TUESDAY, MARCH 6.  
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor R. S. Ball on the Supreme Discoveries in Astronomy.  
Zoological Society, 8.30 p.m.  
Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m., papers by Messrs. R. H. Tweddell and A. McDonnell.  
Biblical Archaeology Society, 8 p.m., Mr. H. Rassam on Ancient Babylonian Cities.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7.  
Charles I., King of Württemberg, born, 1823.  
Geological Society, 8 p.m.  
Pharmaceutical Society, 8 p.m., Mr. Walter Gibbons on Uranium Oleate; Dr. Paul on Liquid Extract of Cinchona; and Mr. D. Morris on the Cultivation of Cinchona in Jamaica.  
London Dialectical Society, 8 p.m., Mr. W. Revell on Present Relations between Philosophy and Science.  
Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Mr. A. J. Hipkins on the History of the Pianoforte.  
British Archaeological Association, 8 p.m.  
Entomological Society, 7 p.m.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8.  
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Dewar on the Spectroscope.  
Royal Society, 4.30 p.m.  
Antiquaries' Society, 8.30 p.m.  
London Institution, 7 p.m., Professor Armstrong on Gas Stoves.  
Telegraph Engineers' Society, 8 p.m., Engineers' Society, 7.30 p.m., Mr. A. Wainman on Land Surveying.  
Victoria Institute, 8 p.m., Mr. J. E. Howard on Certain Definitions of Matter.  
Royal Academy, 8 p.m., Mr. R. Stuart Poole on Greek Art, as illustrated by Medals.

FRIDAY, MARCH 9.  
New moon, 4.31 a.m.  
Royal Institution, 8 p.m.; Professor G. D. Living on the Ultra-Violet Spectra of the Elements, 9 p.m.  
Astronomical Society, 8 p.m.  
Quekett Microscopical Club, 8 p.m.  
New Shakspeare Society, 8 p.m., Dr. B. Nicholson on Shakspeare's Sonnets.  
United Service Institution, 3 p.m., Colonel Herbert Stewart on the Future of Cavalry.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10.  
Marriage of the Prince of Wales, 1863.  
Accession of Louis II., King of Bavaria, 1864.  
Alexander III., Czar of Russia, b., 1845.  
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Mr. H. H. Statham on Music as a Form of Artistic Expression.  
Physical Society, 3 p.m.  
Botanic Society, 3.45 p.m.

ART GALLERIES, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W.  
Admission Free, from Ten till Six o'clock, on presentation of card, to EXHIBITION OF DOULTON AND CO.'S OPEN FIRE-PLACES, FENDER KEBES, &c., with Art accessories. Will Close March 17.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS.—"ECCE HOMO" ("Full of divine dignity."—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION." "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM." "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM." with all his other Great Pictures.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street. Daily, 10 to 6. 1s.

THE HARVEST MOON.—GLADWELL BROTHERS are now Exhibiting the advanced Proof of a superb Etching by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, the newly-elected A.R.A., which he has just completed from the renowned chief-etcher by the late George Mason, A.R.A. Undoubtedly this is the finest etching of its kind that has been produced during the last half-century. It is a work of exquisite beauty, refinement, and tenderness. Also on view, the now celebrated "Mont Saint Michel," by Axel H. Haig; "The Mill," by David Law, after Linnell; "Viola," "Pomona," "Wedded," and other choice works. Admission, One Shilling; or by Card, which will be forwarded on application.—GLADWELL BROTHERS, the City of London Fine-Art Gallery, 20 and 21, Gracechurch-street, London, E.C.

THE BACH CHOIR.—Patron, HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. Musical Director, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. THE SECOND GRAND CONCERT, accompanied by a full Orchestra, on THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 8, at Eight o'clock, at ST. JAMES'S HALL. Miss Charlotte Elliot, Madame Max Bruch; Mr. Kempton, and Mr. Frederick King. ODYSSEUS: Scenes from the "Odyssey," for Chorus, Solo Voices, and Orchestra (Max Bruch). This performance, the first in London of the entire work, will be conducted by the Composer. Principal Violin, Mr. Carrodus. Conductor, Herr Max Bruch. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony (unreserved), 5s.; Area, 3s.; Admission, 2s. Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co., 84, New Bond-street; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; and usual Agents.

THE BACH CHOIR.—MAX BRUCH'S ODYSSEUS. First performance in London, conducted by the Composer, MARCH 8.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—Miss AMY SEDGWICK will give a GRAND DRAMATIC RECITAL at the above, MARCH 8, as given before her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. Princess Beatrice at Osborne, January last. 4 tickets at the Libraries. Manager, Mr. HARRINGTON BAILY.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. Newly and Beautifully Decorated. The World-famed MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT. ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY for a limited period. In addition to the New and Magnificent Musical Entertainment of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, the renowned PAUL MARTINETTI and his unrivalled Company of Artists will appear at EVERY DAY AND NIGHT PERFORMANCE.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—Messrs. MOORE and BURGESS have much pleasure in announcing that they have entered into an engagement with the renowned PAUL MARTINETTI and TROUPE, for a limited number of Nights, commencing on MONDAY, FEB. 19, at Eight o'clock, at ST. JAMES'S HALL. Part will be devoted to their MARVELLOUS AND MIRTH-PROVOKING PERFORMANCE, forming one of the most powerful and attractive Entertainments ever produced at this Hall.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT (Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain), ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place. A STRANGE HOST: followed by a Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled EN ROUTE. Concluding with THAT DREADFUL BOY, Morning Performances Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three; Evenings, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees. A New Programme will shortly be produced.

MR. MELTON PRIOR (Special Artist of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS) will deliver his PICTORIAL LECTURE on the EGYPTIAN WAR, illustrated by Fifty Sketches made by him during the Campaign, which will be shown on a large screen by means of the Oxy-hydrogen Light, as under:—  
Saturday, March 3.—Tunbridge Wells.  
Monday, " 6—St. Leonards.  
Tuesday, " 6—St. George's Hall, Langham-place.  
Wednesday, " 7—Southampton.  
Thursday, March 8.—Bournemouth.  
Friday, " 9—Bath.  
Saturday, " 10—Clifton.  
Wednesday, " 14—St. James's Hall.

THEATRE MONTE CARLO.

From JAN. 15 to MARCH 15, 1883.

LYRICAL REPRESENTATIONS (French).  
LES NOCES DE FIGARO.  
LE PARDON DE PLOERMEL.  
FAUST.  
VIOLETTA.  
MIGNON.  
GALATHEE.  
LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE.  
LA FILLE DU REGIMENT.  
LE DOMINO NOIR.  
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.

ARTISTS ENGAGED.

Madame VAN ZANDT.  
Madame HEILBRONN.  
Madame HAMAN.  
Madame ENGALY.  
Madame FRAUDIN.  
Madame MANOUK.  
Madame STUARD.  
Monsieur MAUREL.  
Monsieur TALAZAC.  
Monsieur DUFRIEHE.  
Monsieur PLANGON.

LYCEUM.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, EVERY EVENING, at 7.45.—188th Performance.—Benedick, Mr. Henry Irving; Beatrice, Miss Ellen Terry. MORNING PERFORMANCES will be resumed on Saturday, March 24. From Monday the 19th to Friday the 23rd (inclusive) this Theatre will be closed. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open, Ten to Five.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

For Saturday next, March 10,

WILL BE PRESENTED, GRATIS,

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1883.

The Irish Irreconcilables last autumn might well have smiled ironically at the notion that the new Rules would avail to put down obstruction. The country was then solemnly warned by members of the Opposition that freedom of speech was to become a tradition in Westminster, and that the House of Commons would be placed under the "gag." We see the result in a fortnight's prolonged debate on the Address, and four nights of rambling discussion on a hollow resolution censuring the Government for their policy nine months ago, while lauding them for their present vigorous action. Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan were praised without stint for having grappled successfully with the Murder League; but their Conservative eulogists would have rewarded them—that being the only logical issue of their amendment—by dismissal from office. In the words of Kemble's "Panel," while "dissembling their love," they were ready to "kick down stairs" these meritorious servants. It is some satisfaction to know that a large section of the Opposition declined to march through Coventry at the beck of Mr. Gorst and the Fourth Party. The majority of 83 which rejected the amendment, and that without any aid from the Irish Nationalists, was a less cause for satisfaction than the holding aloof of half a hundred Conservative members. The best test of the sincerity of such tactics is the unquestionable fact that none would have been more aghast at a successful division, and the consequent resignation of the Ministry, than those who supported the motion.

The debate was redeemed from dreariness by a memorable dramatic episode. With terrible earnestness, and marshalling an overwhelming mass of evidence, Mr. Forster arraigned Mr. Parnell and his colleagues for either conniving at outrages, or refusing to recognise and discountenance such excesses, in order the more effectually to secure by terrorism the objects of the Land League. The proof was complete, but its full force was weakened by the circumstance that what Mr. Forster denounced occurred before the Nationalist leader was shut up in Kilmainham prison, and that outrages—with the great exception of the Phoenix Park tragedy, in which no one implicates him—almost ceased on his release. Mr. Parnell would fain have met these grave accusations with contemptuous silence, but the House would not allow such evasion. On the following evening the member for Cork, while explaining some points and repelling non-essential accusations, declined, on the whole, to meet Mr. Forster's indictment. He disdained to say a word as to the complicity of Land League officials and newspapers in the outrages that marked that period of agrarian terrorism; avowed his cynical contempt for English opinion, caring only to vindicate himself in the eyes of his countrymen; gloried in the fact that Mr. Forster had failed to extort from him a public declaration of regret for that which would have had the effect of discrediting him "with the Irish people"; and prophesied that the Crimes Act would

bring about a state of things between the Government and the secret societies that would allow no constitutional agitation to exist. Mr. Trevelyan, who followed, mildly reflected the feeling of the House when he expressed regret that Mr. Parnell had not made his position clearer than it is at present, and that with remarkable bitterness he had "dried up those hopes of conciliation which, with evidence or against evidence, were always present to those who were endeavouring to carry on the administration of Ireland."

"The only chance for order in Ireland," said the Chief Secretary in his admirable speech, "is consistently and unhesitatingly to go on punishing crime until the people have been educated to see that crime is criminal"—"to exercise patient firmness in repressing crime; patient diligence in redressing acknowledged grievances." How little Mr. Parnell is inclined to accept this programme, and how scornfully he defies the House of Commons, was seen on Monday night when he brought his indictment—perhaps the most insolent that has ever been submitted to the House of Commons—against the administration of the Crimes Act, the Irish Executive and the Irish Judges, magistracy, and police, enforcing his atrocious charges, destitute of substantial proof, with the threat that his policy must ultimately triumph because the Irish vote was necessary to the Liberal party, and the Irish millions in America had enlisted in "the national cause." It is freely conceded by all reasonable politicians that Lord Spencer and the Irish Executive are doing their duty. But it is quite as palpable that their authority has been seriously weakened by the persistent attacks of irresponsible reactionaries in Parliament. Nothing but the loyal co-operation of both parties in the State will avail to extinguish criminal agitation in Ireland, and prevent an outbreak in that country or a dismemberment of the Empire. The ulterior aim of the so-called Nationalists is clearly enough revealed. It is to make Ireland ungovernable by England; and Ireland cannot be peacefully governed so long as it is made the battleground of faction.

If such virulent antagonism to the Government on Irish questions were to cease, there is cheering evidence that the policy now being pursued, though it may not reconcile Irreconcilables, would bear, and is bearing, substantial fruit. Not only was Mr. Trevelyan able to quote statistics showing the rapid subsidence of agrarian crime, but there is a good prospect that the perpetrators of nearly every conspicuous murder which for two years has horrified the country will be discovered and brought to justice. It is evident from what is going on in Dublin that the authorities are step by step tracing the murderous conspiracy to its fountain source, and that the instigators of the wretched hired assassins now in custody, perhaps even the mysterious "No. 1," will ere long be revealed to the world, if not captured. We can well believe that our Government have not demanded from the Washington Cabinet the extradition of Sheridan, the outrage-monger and the chosen colleague of Mr. Parnell a year ago, without good cause. In this way the people of Ireland are being taught that crime is criminal because it will be punished. Other and more gentle but not less potent influences are, happily, at work. When we read that of the total number of applications to fix fair rents (90,262) about 30,000 have already been dealt with by the Commissioners, and nearly 14,000 by agreement between landlord and tenant, while at the same time a vast number of the cases that come under the Rent Arrears Act have also been settled by agreement, we may see the gradual evolution in Ireland of a great Conservative force that will be a barrier to chronic agitation and a serious check to Mr. Parnell's separatist schemes.

At length France has secured an apparently stable Government, with M. Jules Ferry as Premier. His colleagues have mainly been selected from the Left, and include four Gambettists—the most conspicuous being M. Challemlacour, the Foreign Minister, who favours foreign influence and more colonies; that is a "forward" and aggressive policy. The new Ministry has not been slow to carry out one of its essential pledges. Three of the Orleanist Princes, the Duc d'Aumale, the Duc de Chartres, and the Duc d'Angou, whose eminent position is their sole crime, have been removed from active military service by decree, carried out by General Thibaudin, the Minister of War, the only conspicuous officer who could be induced to give effect to this act of ostracism. Probably Prince Napoleon will ere long be expelled the country. The domestic policy of the new Cabinet is not very revolutionary. It is to embrace a reform of the magistracy and criminal law, municipal improvements, and measures dealing with provident societies, trades unions, and other social questions. M. Ferry is so good a tactician that, by dexterous management, he managed when previously Premier to remain in power for twelve months. It would be rash to predict so long a tenure of office under present circumstances. But that he will need a firm hand in the repression of Anarchical conspiracies is evident from the serious dynamite plot just discovered near Brussels, which is believed to have had its ramifications throughout Europe, and in which some Rouen revolutionists appear to be deeply implicated.

## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

That futile dream of mine touching on the possibility of erecting the equestrian statue of the Iron Duke (which has now been lowered from Decimus Burton's arch, and almost touches solid earth again) on some suitably sumptuous pedestal surrounded by the bronze effigies of his companions in arms, Combermere, Beresford, Hill, Hardinge, and the like, has brought me many letters; but, to my surprise, they are not couched in terms either of mild depreciation or of downright derision. It seems, then, that English people have not yet forgotten Vimiera and Albuera, Salamanca and Vittoria, Quatre Bras and Waterloo. One lady correspondent goes so far as to express her confidence that an appeal for funds for the execution of such a completion of the Wellington Monument as I dreamed of would meet with a ready and generous response from the female relatives of the valiant Captains, nearly all of whom have long since been laid in their honoured graves.

But here, at any rate, we are, for the first time since Michaelmas Day, 1846, face to face, and almost shoulder to shoulder, with Mr. Matthew Cotes Wyatt's bronze presentment of the Hero of Waterloo; and from the discussion respecting the eventual destination of the statue has arisen a side issue bearing on the particular costume worn by the Duke on Sunday, the 18th of June, 1815.

A gallant and distinguished correspondent (Ross, Hereford), who has attained a patriarchal age, but who writes with the clearness and decision of a young staff officer, has very kindly furnished me with a minutely accurate note of the dress which the Duke really wore on the day of the King-Making Victory. He writes *en pleine connaissance de cause*; for he was present, in a militant capacity, at the fight, and supped at the inn at Waterloo after the battle day was done. It was, afterwards, his singular fortune to be one of the military guardians of Napoleon at St. Helena. Here is his sumptuary note on Wellington:—

The Duke, after riding about and satisfying himself that all things were in order, dismounted and sat down on the ground very near the point of intersection of the *Chaussées* called "Les Quatre Bras." He was habited in his usual field costume—namely, a short blue frock coat, a short cloak of the same colour, leather pantaloons, and Hessian boots; his plain and low cocked hat was surmounted by no feather such as we see in the statue near Apsley House. The large, drooping plume we borrowed from the Prussians, afterwards; and it became pretty general among the staff officers after we got to Paris. On the Duke's black English cockade were attached three small ones, each about an inch in diameter; being those of Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands, in token of his holding rank in the armies of those countries.

Mem.: There is a curious confirmation of the minute accuracy of my gallant correspondent's note in a caricature called "Les Etrangers à Paris," drawn by the famous Carle Vernet (father of Horace), and published while the Allied Armies were occupying the French capital. In a group of English officers I find two whose long, low cocked hats are surmounted by drooping plumes. Two other officers wear cocked hats, decorated only with cockades. I think that Mr. Planché conjectured that the black cockade was introduced into the British Army in defiant contradistinction to the white cockade which was the badge of the Jacobites. One thing, however, remains certain—namely, that the monstrous plumed cocked hat which Mr. Wyatt clapped on the Duke of Wellington's head, and which has been one of the principal causes of the undeserved ridicule heaped on this unfortunate statue, is altogether "unhistorical." Would the sculptor's heirs, I wonder, object to the cocked hat, as well as the effigy itself, being "lowered"?

John Morley, M.P. Bravo, John Morley, junior member for the borough of Newcastle-on-Tyne! A stronger, abler, honester man never entered the Commons House of Parliament in our time. Cobbett, when he was returned to the first Reformed Parliament for Oldham, remarked that the distinction had come so late that it would be on crutches that he would have to go up to the table to be sworn. Mr. John Morley has not had to wait so long, nor to suffer from that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. He is only forty-five years of age. I remember him when, a very young man indeed, he came up from Oxford after taking his B.A. degree. That must have been in 1859 or '60, I opine. I was even then an "old hand" at my trade, and thought young Mr. Morley one of the most serious striplings of his age that I had ever come across. He has assuredly been doing mighty serious work ever since, in politics, literature, and journalism. Fourteen years have passed since he stood for Blackburn; but even now Lord Lyndhurst (to judge from that statesman's remark to young Mr. Disraeli about the completed career of Byron) would have considered Mr. Morley as "so very young."

Next to Mr. John Morley's youth, one of his best chances of success in the House is that he is a thorough master of the difficult and inestimable art of holding his tongue when there is no occasion to talk. I have often thought Burns would have added to the benefactions which he conferred on mankind by the aspiration

O! wad some Power, &c.,

had he also expressed a wish that the Power in question would endow us with the "giftie" of hearing ourselves as others hear us. Did we possess such a boon, there would be, perhaps, less rattling of ice-spoons and dessert-spoons on plates at public dinners as a hint (too often futile, alas!) to an inordinate speaker that he has spoken too long.

I read in Wednesday's papers that an honourable member has "blocked" the Ballot Bill, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the Parliamentary Elections (Closing of Public Houses), the County Courts Bill, the Copyhold Enfranchisement Bill, the Municipal Boroughs Bill, the Cruelty to Animals Bill, and the Corrupt Practices Bill. What a blockade! Napoleon's "Continental System" was insignificant in comparison with this wholesale "taboo." But as we are not all either members of Parliament or Parliamentary reporters, friends at a distance, in the colonies, and the "intelligent foreigner" in particular,

may profit from the knowledge of what "blocking" really means. Turning to the last edition of Mr. G. H. Jennings's "Anecdotal History of the British Parliament" (London: Horace Cox, 1883), p. 450, I find:—

A standing order of the House of Commons (1679) forbids the bringing on of opposed bills and motions after half-past twelve at night; and notice of opposition to such measures is therefore sufficient to limit the opportunity for their discussion to the earlier part of the proceedings, which is frequently consumed by other business. Members antagonistic to a particular bill customarily place such notice of opposition on the paper; and this has been termed "blocking." In the Session of 1882 the practice became very frequent, and members adopted it in retaliation for similar opposition given either to their own motions or to those of their friends.

"Little Em'ly," in "David Copperfield," made no secret of her opinion that the reward for the virtues of the elder Mr. Peggotty should be "a cocked hat and a pocketful of money." I hesitate to define the exact kind of public reward due to Mr. Richard Edgecumbe, who, from the first, was the most active promoter and the most indefatigable advocate of the Byron Memorial Fund, and whose "History of the Byron Memorial" has just been published by Mr. Effingham Wilson, of the Royal Exchange. Mr. Edgecumbe does not need a pocketful of money; and, for æsthetic reasons, I should not like to see him in a cocked hat. But it might be safe to say that he has deserved well of his country, and of all lovers of English literature, in particular, by his untiring exertions in a good cause.

In his pamphlet Mr. Edgecumbe gives an account of the first movement set on foot, shortly after Byron's death, by Mr. Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton de Gyfford, for the erection of a statue of the poet. Only the paltry sum of one thousand pounds was subscribed. The leading sculptors of the day declined so unremunerative a commission. Flaxman had just died, and Chantrey and Westmacott did not see their way. Mr. Edgecumbe adds to the declining sculptors the name of John Gibson. I dare say he is right; but the refusal seems odd on the part of a sculptor who was only thirty-five when Byron died. The more modest Thorwaldsen undertook the task, "using as a basis for his inspiration a bust which he had taken from the life, some years previously, in Rome."

The commission for the statue was given in 1829, and it arrived in London five years later. The Memorial Committee—comprising such distinguished Englishmen as Sir Robert Peel, Sir Stratford Canning, Samuel Rogers, Thomas Campbell, William Gifford, Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A.; and among foreigners, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe—applied, through Mr. Murray, to Dean Ireland for permission to erect the statue in Westminster Abbey. The Dean, naturally enough, refused. Another application was made after the death of Dean Ireland in 1842; but the new Dean "did not see his way." Thorwaldsen's work had, meanwhile, been stowed away during eight years at the London Docks. A Parliamentary debate arose on the subject; and in the House of Lords the Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield), in answer to Lord Brougham, who was in favour of the admission of the effigy to the Abbey, strenuously opposed the proposal. Hopelessly banished from Poet's Corner, the statue of the author of "Childe Harold" found at last a refuge in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

For an exhaustive account of the second Byron Memorial Fund, which was started in 1875, and which at first went no further than the idea of placing a small slab over the exact place where Byron lies buried in the church of Hucknall Torkard, but which subsequently, through the sympathetic encouragement of Mr. Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield), grew into a national, albeit poorly-supported, movement, I must refer my readers to Mr. Edgecumbe's own "History." The monument, which her Majesty graciously allowed to be placed in Hamilton-gardens, is, at the best, but a sorry affair; and the whole matter of the Memorial and its outcome awakens in my mind a number of far from agreeable reminiscences, on which it would be inconvenient, in this place, to dilate.

From New York I receive the first number of another new American monthly magazine, the *Manhattan* (New York City: J. W. Orr). It contains no less than twenty-two articles, is well got up, tastefully illustrated, and gives a good deal of information about the Odd Fellows' Societies in the States. To me the most interesting paper in the opening number of the *Manhattan* is an article on the early history of the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which is as interesting as any of those "secret histories" which Isaac D'Israeli took such pleasure in gossiping over in "The Curiosities of Literature." The original publisher of "Uncle Tom," Mr. Jewett, has been interviewed, and he told his interlocutor—

At all events, I expressed a willingness to publish it; and the next thing was to arrange the terms. Professor Stowe was in favour of selling the manuscript for a sum down. "I tell wife," he said to me, "that, if she could get a good black silk dress or fifty dollars in money for the story, she had better take it."

Asked whether he thought that he could have bought the copyright of "Uncle Tom" for fifty dollars, Mr. Jewett replied that he thought he could have purchased it for half that sum. Eventually, the publisher agreed to pay to Professor Stowe (married women had then, in the State of Massachusetts, no right to separate property) ten per cent on the retail price of every copy sold. Shortly after the publication of "Uncle Tom," Mr. Jewett was able to hand over a cheque for ten thousand dollars to the gifted author. Neither the Professor nor his wife had ever before received a cheque, and they did not know what to do with it, or how to present it for payment; and Mr. Jewett had to explain how the document should be endorsed. "When I gave them," he pithily adds, "a second cheque for ten thousand dollars, I found that they needed no further instructions." More than three hundred and twenty thousand sets of "Uncle Tom" (in two volumes) were issued in the first year of its publication in the States. I wonder how many millions of copies have been sold in this country.

I have been eagerly awaiting the publication by Messrs. Bentley of the new library edition of the *Memoirs of the lively*

Madame Junot, Duchess of Abrantes, of whose later and distressful days there is such frequent mention in the correspondence of Honoré de Balzac. The *Memoirs*, forming as they do a wondrously fascinating history of the First Napoleon, his Court and Family, first appeared in English guise a couple of generations since. It has grown very scarce of late years, and there was an extensive demand for a new edition. The work just issued is in three handsome volumes, embellished with some striking portraits; and to the end of the third volume the editor has added a very useful appendix in the shape of a list "of some of the principal titles and dignities conferred by the Emperor Napoleon I."

I must draw the attention of the reviewers to a statement made (vol. i. p. 6) by the Duchess of Abrantes that the Buonapartes were of Greek extraction. Says Madame Junot:—

When Constantine Comnenus landed in Corsica, in 1076, at the head of the Greek colony, he had with him several sons, one of whom was named Calomeros. This son he sent to Florence on a mission to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Constantine dying before the return of his son, the Grand Duke prevailed on the young Greek to renounce Corsica, and fix his abode in Tuscany. After some interval of time an individual named Calomeros came from Italy—indeed, from Tuscany, and fixed his abode in Corsica, where his descendants formed the family of Buonaparte; for the name of Calomeros, liberally Italianised, signified *buona parte* or *bella parte*.

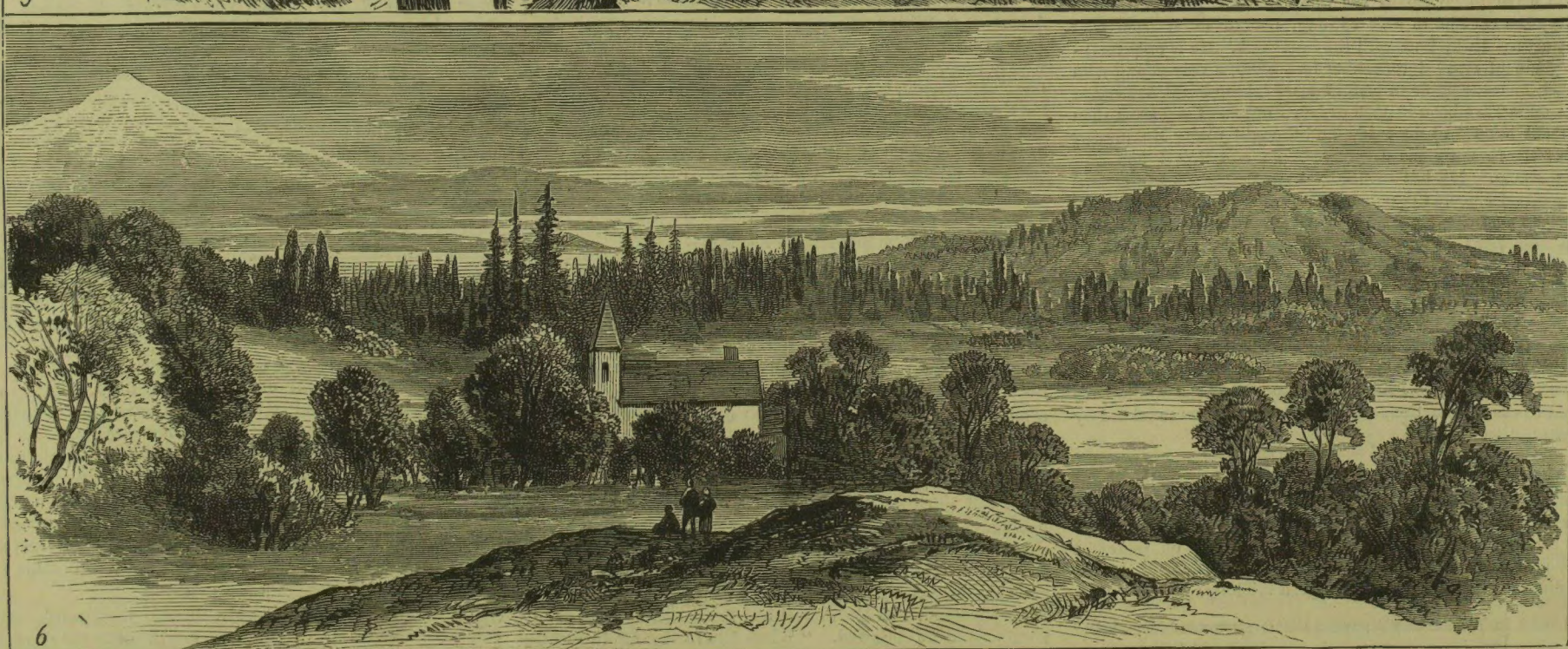
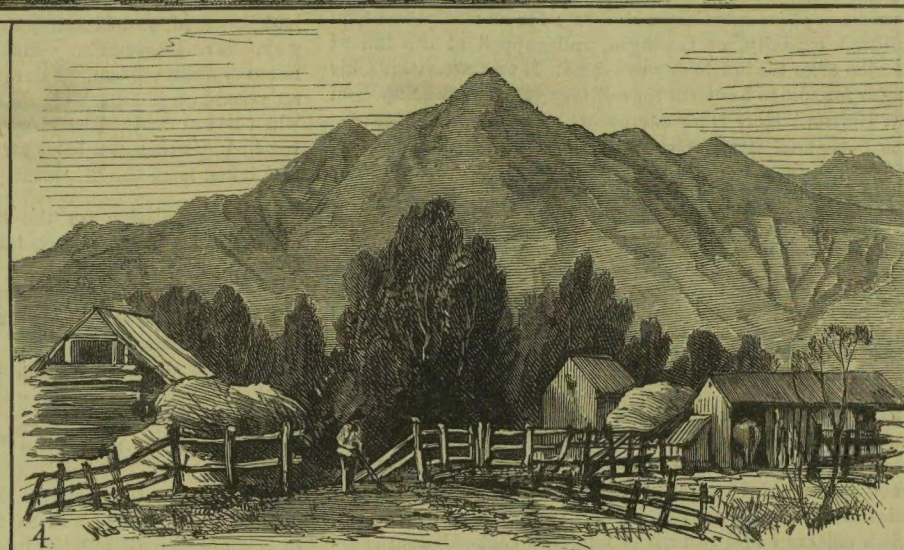
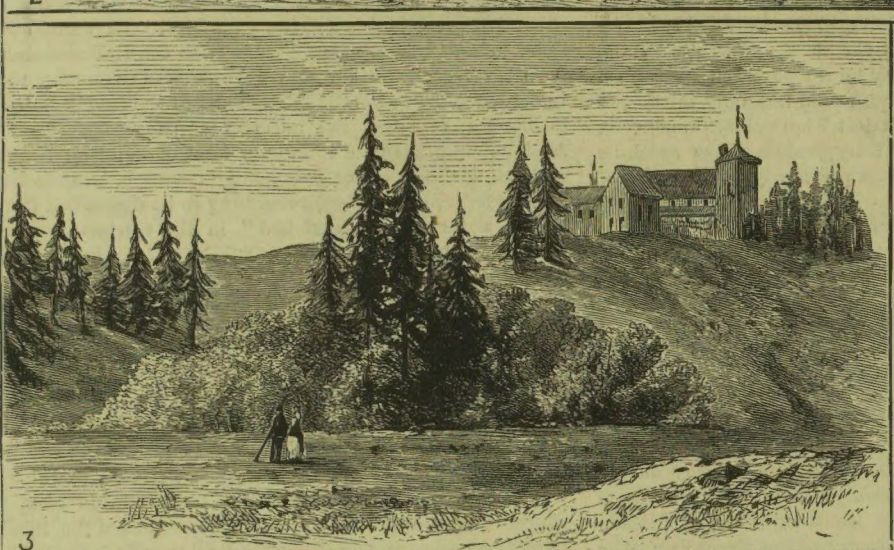
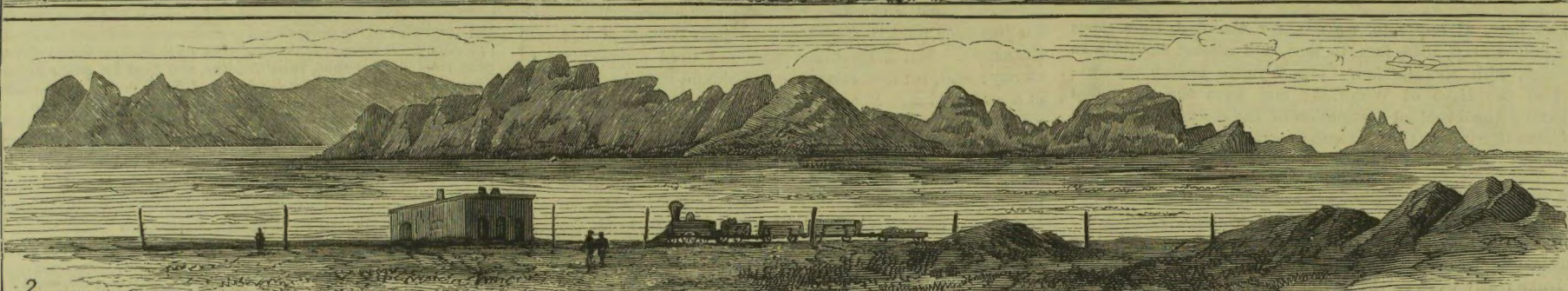
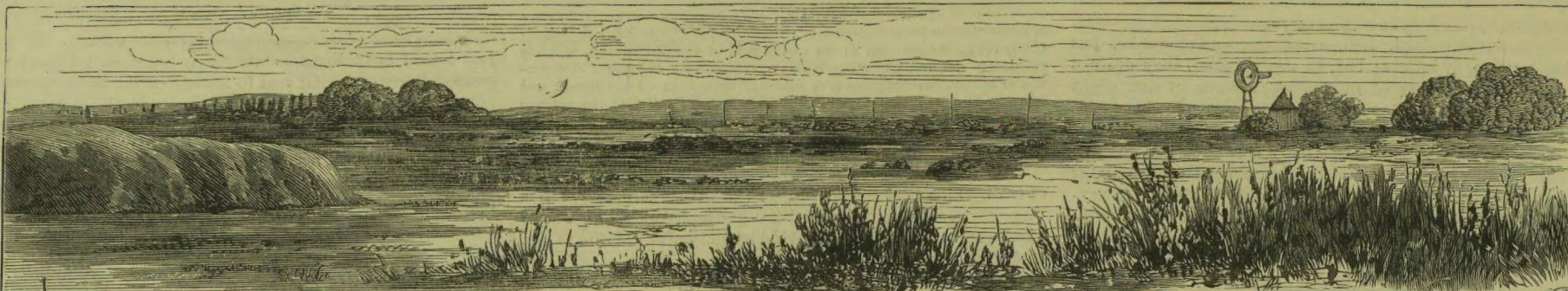
I would hint to the reviewers that this "Calomeros" genealogy was stigmatised by Napoleon himself as "ridicule et plate," and that it is completely knocked on the head by Filippini, who, writing in 1594, mentions the institution in 1581 by the Bishop of Ajaccio, Cristoforo Guidiccioni, of a number of Canons for his cathedral, including Pietro da Coti, Pierfrancesco da Sarla, Giacopo Punta, and *Gabriele Buonaparte*. M. P. Caraffa, the librarian of the town of Bastia, has conclusively shown in his erudite pamphlet, "La Verité sur nos Bonapartes," that the family came from the Italian mainland, probably from Sarzana, where there was a notary named Buonaparte living in 1264. The chief of the family emigrated to Corsica, and was the ancestor of Napoleon the Great. Anti-Bonapartists used to be very fond of taunting Napoleon with being "the son of a beggarly attorney." It is nevertheless (as genealogies go) something to be descended from an Italian notary who "flourished" in the thirteenth century. Can the Ponsonby de Tompkins exhibit so lengthy a pedigree?

"Come and H.B.H." Everybody (or nearly everybody) knows that the invite means "Come and eat a bit of pie" (Eta, Beta, Pi), and that the quaint conceit has been engraved on an invitation to supper by Hogarth. Unless I am mistaken, there is, or was, an "Eta, Beta, Pi" Society at Boston. But what are you to do with a gentleman who signs financial documents with an arrangement of initial prefixes so fantastic as to encourage the inference that his name is "Cayenne Pepper." A Judge and jury have had to deal with a case of this kind this week. The widow of an eccentric gentleman deceased sued the Birkbeck Bank to recover the sum of one hundred pounds deposited in the bank by her late husband, who shortly before his death had authorised her to draw out the money. But the Bank very reasonably declined to part with the cash unless they were satisfied as to the identity of the person who had deposited it. The eccentric deceased had, it seems, a fancy for carrying on business transactions under assumed names; and he had deposited his hundred pounds in the Birkbeck under the name of "King Napoleon Pepper," while the note authorising his wife to obtain the money was signed "K. N. Pepper" the title in its contracted form being a phonetic rendering of "cayenne pepper."

The Counsel for the defence pointed out that, as the Birkbeck Bank had some forty thousand depositors, among whom there were several Peppers, it was necessary to observe some caution. The real name of the deceased gentleman was not anything like Pepper. Eventually the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, as it had been clearly proved that "King Napoleon Pepper" and "K. N. Pepper" were one and the same myth; but judgment was entered for the widow without costs on either side. People should not play tricks on their bankers. In the notable case when Lord Brougham, in drawing a cheque in favour of a firm of wine merchants who had offended him by pressing him for a settlement of his account, wrote in the body of the document "Pay Messrs. Stomach Ache" a certain sum, no harm was done, since the cheque was payable to bearer; but there would have been considerable difficulty in passing the cheque through a bank had it been payable to order.

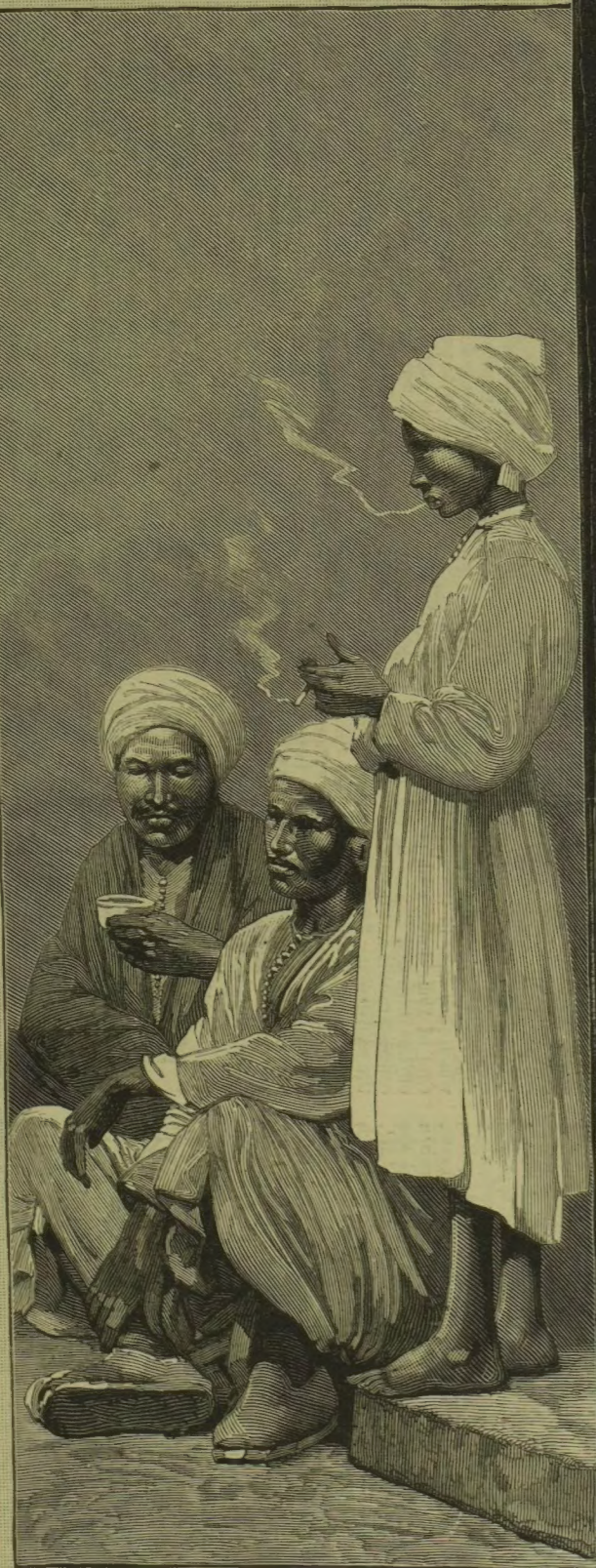
The other day, having to write a leader on the disestablished statue at Hyde Park-corner, I had occasion to refer to the *Illustrated London News* for Oct. 3, 1846, which contains a full account of the installation of the statue on the summit of Decimus Burton's arch on the morrow of Michaelmas Day. The enormous mass was hoisted to its questionable eminence in the course of a single afternoon and evening. Among the illustrations in this old volume of the *I. L. N.* I came on a beautiful pastoral picture of "Thatching," drawn by E. Duncan; and I remembered then how constant and how valuable a contributor of rustic and maritime subjects the lamented artist had been to the pictorial department of this Journal. But I had scarcely replaced the dusty tome among its dustier brethren when the post brought me a request to mention, in this page, that the remaining pictures and drawings of the late E. Duncan are to be sold at Christie's on Friday, the Ninth of March.

Of the service rendered by Mr. Duncan to ourselves all old subscribers are aware; and many will bear in mind the charming sketches of Stratford-on-Avon and its neighbourhood which he drew at the period of the sale of Shakespeare's House. He was, in addition, a distinguished member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. He was a thoroughly old English painter of that school which disdained the use of body colour in water-colour painting; so that his pictures are sure to retain their beauty and brightness of colour, and will endure as long as the paper on which they are painted. Remember that the Duncan sale is on March 9. G. A. S.



1. Prairie Farm in Nebraska, on Chicago and Rock Island Railway. 3. Government House, Victoria, Vancouver Island. 5. Summit in the Sierra Nevada, California.  
2. View from Ogden, near Salt Lake City, Utah. 4. Sherman, highest point of the Union Pacific Railway. 6. Mount Baker, View from Government House, Vancouver Island.

TO THE FAR WEST: SKETCHES OF THE JOURNEY WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND PRINCESS LOUISE.



Porters in the Bazaar.



Glass-Bead Shop in the Bazaar.



Bedouin Merchants of the Red Sea.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Prime Minister returns to England with health restored by his holiday in the south of France—to find the loquacious minority in the Commons as disinclined as ever to push forward the legislative business in arrears. The Lords having agreed to the Address on the opening night of the Session, have had little else to do but flock to the gallery reserved for Peers in the Lower House, thence to study the art of Obstruction as carried on under the new Procedure Rules by the irrepressible "Fourth Party," by the front Opposition bench, and by Mr. Parnell's Irish brigade. This practice of Obstruction may be more or less diverting. But it may well be that the country is growing impatient of the shameless waste of time in fruitless talk and interminable repetition in the House of Commons.

Nothing so exciting as Mr. Forster's impassioned impeachment of Mr. Parnell has taken place in Parliament for years. It happened on Thursday, Feb. 22. Mr. Gorst's amendment, calling upon the Government to make no further attempts "to purchase the support of persons disaffected to her Majesty's rule by concessions to lawless agitation" was still under discussion. A large muster of Peers had assembled to lend countenance to Mr. Lowther's unqualified denunciation of the Government's administration of affairs in Ireland. But noble Lords were better rewarded for their visit by the stinging speech of Mr. Lowther's successor as Secretary for Ireland. Rising from his seat at the gangway corner of the first bench behind Ministers, Mr. Forster (whose earnest manner is well hit off in Mr. Harry Furniss's illustration) entered zestfully into his dual task of attacking Mr. Parnell for conniving at Land League outrages, and of defending his own action in objecting to the unconditional release of Mr. Parnell and his associates from Kilmainham Jail last year. It is probable that had Mr. Forster not felt sorely chagrined at the ease with which his late colleagues had done without him, he would have been more successful in dissembling his wrath against them, and would not have felt impelled to couch his grave charges against Mr. Parnell in the language of a Crown Prosecutor in a Criminal Court. Yet everybody felt his scathing indictment of the Land League leader was a formidable one. The cheers that greeted Mr. Forster were the more sympathetic from the knowledge which prevailed that the ex-Secretary had narrowly escaped so many attempts of the "Dublin Invincibles" to murder him. He first corrected the Home Secretary on one point, and said the Prevention of Crime Bill had not been agreed to by the Cabinet when he felt bound to resign. Coming to his charges against Mr. Parnell, Mr. Forster emphasised each by pointing to the member for Cork, who sat, pale and self-contained, as usual, on the third bench below the gangway on the Opposition side. Briefly, Mr. Forster's points were that—the non-publication of a balance-sheet of the funds of the Land League and want of due care in their administration; the published opinion of the paid secretary of the Land League, Mr. Brennan, in the *Irish World*, as to the Fenian origin of the fatal explosion in Salford; the fact that the Land League lived chiefly on the moneys sent through the same incendiary print; the treasonable utterances of Mr. Sheridan, one of the chief organisers of the League, and Mr. Redpath's incentive to murder; and the palliation of crime in *United Ireland* (of which paper Mr. Parnell and Mr. Justin McCarthy are part proprietors); and the encouragement of "Boycotting," "which was to make life almost more miserable than death"—all tended to show that the hon. member and his friends allowed themselves to continue the leaders of an organisation that "set on foot an agitation which organised or promoted outrage, and incited to murder."

The chief dramatic incident of the sitting occurred when Mr. Forster, after enumerating his charges, loudly said, "I will repeat the charge I make against him, and no more serious charge was ever made by any one member of this House against another. It is not that he himself directly planned and perpetrated outrages and murders, but that he connived at them." "It's a lie!" escaped the lips of Mr. Parnell. But the exuberant Mr. O'Kelly (who had previously been warned against interruption) repeated the exclamation loudly, was "named" by the Speaker, and by a majority of 285—305 against 20—ordered to be suspended from the service of the House.

The House naturally expected Mr. Parnell would reply at once to Mr. Forster. But he, unaccountably, let the opportunity slip. At a late hour, one of Mr. Parnell's ablest and most fluent lieutenants, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, boldly threw his shield before his chief, and flourished rhetorical shillelaghs over the heads of Mr. Lowther and Mr. Forster. In an admirably logical speech, the Marquis of Hartington (who, with far stronger reasons for being impassioned than Mr. Forster, was calmly judicial and fair in tone) called upon Mr. Parnell to respond to the challenge thrown out; and repeated that the Government had not lost hope in the beneficial effects of the remedial measures adopted, especially when crime was being put down with a strong hand by Lord Spencer. Lord Hartington's readiness was aptly shown in his effective rejoinders to one or two interruptions. Indeed, the matter of his speeches is generally so solid and good that it is a pity his Lordship does not take the little additional trouble which would be necessary to secure the easy art of clear articulation and delivery.

To hear Mr. Parnell's answer, an even fuller House assembled at the succeeding (Friday's) sitting. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was an attentive listener in the overflowing Peers' Gallery. Mr. Parnell is well known to be as mild-mannered a man as ever scuttled ship, to use a familiar phrase. He had not lost one whit of his characteristic coolness when he rose from his seat between Mr. Justin McCarthy and the O'Gorman Mahon to reply to his pitiless antagonist, Mr. Forster, who leant back quite at ease in the corner of a bench nearly opposite. Assuming an air of ease almost studied by placing both hands in his trousers pockets, Mr. Parnell began by declaring he had no hope anything he might say would influence the opinion of the House in the least. The quiet delivery did not hide the bitterness of his references to Mr. Forster's "most unjust aspersions" on his character, nor did it veil the scorn with which the hon. member said of the stigmatised *Irish World* that there was no paper he had read less and sympathised so little with. As for the articles cited from *United Ireland*, Mr. Parnell held he could not fairly be held responsible for them, inasmuch as he and the Editor and nearly all the staff were in prison when they were published. Deprecating debate on the Dublin trial, that might prejudice the case of the men committed for the Phoenix Park Murders, Mr. Parnell yet touched upon the evidence of the approver, Carey, as being manifestly insufficient to identify Mr. Sheridan with the "Father Murphy" who took part in the formation of the "Dublin Invincibles"; and pointed to Carey's palpable error in accusing Mrs. Frank Byrne of being the lady who had brought him weapons as an instance of his untrustworthiness. The explanation of the awkward fact of Land League cheques having been in the hands of some of the prisoners was that it was customary to give such cheques for the maintenance of

families while their bread-winners were in prison. Although Mr. Forster could not remember the fact, it was pretty clearly shown, by both Mr. Parnell and Captain O'Shea, that Mr. Davitt, Mr. Egan, and Mr. Boyton, as well as Mr. Sheridan, were mentioned to the ex-Secretary as persons who would use their influence "to advance the tranquillisation of the country" if "the Arrears Bill were settled." Following these quibbles, and a personal attack on Mr. Forster, Mr. Parnell's glowing peroration, in which he expressed confidence in the future of Ireland, seemed somewhat incongruous. The insufficiency of his reply was at once pointed out, amid cheers, by Mr. Trevelyan, whose calm, well-reasoned speech formed a favourable contrast to the address of his predecessor. Sir Stafford Northcote's measured support of Mr. Gorst's amendment was followed by a lucid speech from Mr. Chamberlain, who denounced the tactics of the Conservatives, and eloquently defended the Ministerial policy. By a majority of 83—259 against 176—did the House reject Mr. Gorst's amendment.

I can but touch the succeeding features of the protracted debate on the Address. On Monday Mr. Parnell's amendment condemning the administration of the Crimes Act as "tyrannical and unjust" was proved by the Attorney-General for Ireland to be singularly inopportune and inapplicable to the actual state of affairs, inasmuch as the Act had considerably diminished crime. It was, accordingly, negatived by a majority of 118—133 to 15! From an argumentative point of view, the Government were equally successful on Tuesday and Wednesday, when Mr. A. O'Connor's elaborate amendment calling for a special measure to relieve distress in Ireland, for alterations in the Land Act and Arrears Act, for reform in local government and extension of the franchise, led to yet another long Irish debate. Mr. Trevelyan was as strongly armed with facts and figures as ever to disprove the allegations of chronic fault-finders. The debate was again adjourned.

Unless wiser counsels prevail in the Conservative camp, the well-thrashed question of the "Kilmainham Compact" will be revived, Sir Stafford Northcote having announced his intention to ask the Prime Minister next Monday for a day on which to discuss his motion for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the release of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues.

## THE AMERICAN FAR WEST.

We have been favoured by an officer of the suite of his Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, with a series of Sketches illustrating the journey of Lord Lorne and her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, to the western shores of America, to visit the remotest provinces of the Canadian Dominion, Vancouver Island and British Columbia. The distinguished travellers, upon this occasion, availed themselves of the route by the existing lines of railroad through the western part of the United States, from Chicago, on Lake Michigan, to Omaha, in the State of Nebraska, and thence by the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railways into California, passing across the mountainous regions of Utah and Nevada, the ordinary road to San Francisco. So many writers of books and letters have described the scenery of this route, and the experiences of Western travel under present conditions, that little new remains to be said of the prairies; their rivers, which last season had in some places overflowed, causing such melancholy inundation of fields and farms as is here depicted; the high passes over the Rocky Mountains, culminating at the station of Sherman, 8242 ft. above the sea-level; the approach to the Great Salt Lake, in Utah, and to the Mormon capital, only thirty-six miles from Ogden railway station; and the picturesque peaks and pine-forests of the Sierra Nevada. His Excellency and her Royal Highness thus reached the Pacific coast, and embarked for the voyage northward to the port of Victoria, the capital of Vancouver Island, which is, politically though not perhaps geographically, a component part of British Columbia. Their loyal reception by the inhabitants of that distant colony, and the popular festivities and official proceedings that ensued upon their arrival, were reported in the newspapers at that time. The Government House, in which they sojourned for some days, and the view from its elevated site looking eastward across the strait to the mainland, with Mount Baker in the distance, a lofty eminence in the Territory of Washington, just south of the frontier of British Columbia, are shown in the two remaining illustrations here noticed.

## SKETCHES IN CAIRO.

The bazaars of the Egyptian capital, with their little niches, rather than shops, occupied by different classes of tradesmen sitting from morn till eve amidst the pile of their customary wares, afford great variety of studies of costume and character, in which our Artist lately visiting Egypt has found abundant subjects for his pencil. Descriptions of the several quarters, streets, lanes, and alleys, respectively assigned to sundry kinds of merchandise or manufacture, with the special industries of their dealers and artificers, mostly retaining the primitive Oriental type, have from time to time appeared in this Journal. The sale of personal ornaments for the female sex, among those Eastern nations who are very apt to treat their women as decorated toys, forms a considerable part of minor traffic; and necklaces of glass beads, though it is not unlikely that the beads were made in Birmingham, are in constant request among the ladies, who come to the bazaar, wrapped up in shawls and veils according to Mussulman rules of feminine modesty, to buy the trinkets which they wear in the secluded harem, either to please the eyes of their lords and masters, or to provoke the envy of less favoured sisters in the domestic habitation. As a contrast to this rather frivolous trade, our next Sketch presents the wild-looking figures of Bedouin Arabs from the bordering countries on the shores of the Red Sea, who have brought to the Cairo market spoils of the chase, horns and tusks of hunted animals, or valuable skins for the tanner, or precious stones, gums, and other gifts of nature, to be purchased by Syrian and Coptic merchants. The laborious class of porters, or carriers of burdens, as in every such place, are doomed to waste much of their time in waiting for hire; they cannot always indulge in coffee and cigarettes, however cheap, but they can always go to sleep.

The *London Magpie*, a new weekly journal conducted by Mr. James Mortimer, offers money prizes in addition to much readable matter as inducements to subscribers.

A bequest amounting to about £90,000 has been left to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh by the late Mr. Duncan Vertue, of No. 3, Eton-terrace, Edinburgh. Mr. Vertue, who died about a fortnight ago, was formerly a surgeon in the East India Company's service.

The fourth annual show of the Cart-Horse Society opened on Tuesday, and was largely attended. The show is larger than those of former years, and the quality of animals exhibited is remarkably good. The champion prize for the best horse was awarded to Mr. Walter Gibbey, for Spark.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The dramatic matinees pass; but they do not resemble one another. At the Olympic on Saturday, the 25th ult., the indefatigable Miss Genevieve Ward preceded her powerful and "flesh-creeping" rendering of Meg Merrilies by a much more agreeable impersonation. She played the part of the heroine in a witty, sparkling, picturesque, and pathetic one-act comedieta, by Mr. Charles Reade, entitled "Nance Oldfield." The plot of the piece—that of a studious young man falling in love with a popular actress, to the intense disgust of his playactor-hating old father; of the good-natured *comédienne* endeavouring to wean him from his passion by assuming a mien and language of the coarsest vulgarity, and of her ultimately falling in love with the young man herself—is not by any means a novel one. Its incidents have been modified, amplified, contracted, inverted (as in "David Garrick" and "Dr. Davy"), and perverted, over and over again; but the new cutting and setting of this well-worn stone are entirely the work of Mr. Charles Reade, and in all its essentials "Nance Oldfield" is as completely his own as "Le Festin de Pierre" is Molière's. The popular actress and her lover, like Don Juan and Sganarelle, like Katherine and Petruchio, like Faust and Gretchen, like Jobson and Nell in "The Devil to Pay," belong to the whole world of dramatists. They are common property. I only wish, for purely sentimental reasons, that Mr. Charles Reade had not taken this particular popular actress for a model. There was nothing lovable about her real character. Mistress Anne Oldfield (the "drab that played Cato's daughter," as Swift contemptuously calls her in the "Journal to Stella") was a very clever, fascinating, vain, and "stuck-up" woman, who knew perfectly well how to take care of herself. She coolly transferred herself, on the death of one noble protector, to the care of another; she assumed the grandest of airs, and always went to the theatre in a sedan-chair, attended by two footmen, and in the same dress in which she had been dining with the *beau monde*; and she seldom spoke to any one of her comrades behind the scenes. In fine, the ex-tempestress and barmaid at the Mitre Tavern, St. James's Market, contrived to obtain an entrée into the inmost arcana of polite society; and when the mistress of General Charles Churchill, my Lord Duke of Marlborough's kinsman, died, the remains of this exceptionally honoured actress were suffered to lie in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and to be interred in Westminster Abbey. Nell Gwynne, Peg Woffington, Mrs. Bracegirdle, "Polly" Fenton (Lavinia, Duchess of Bolton), are all, notwithstanding their errors, thoroughly lovable characters. Mistress Anne Oldfield is, historically, the reverse of amiable.

"Nance Oldfield" was assuredly not written for Miss Genevieve Ward. The part was, indeed, "created" by the delightful and lamented Mrs. Seymour; and the piece produced some years since at the St. James's was then called "Art." The rôle, however, to use the familiar expression, suits Miss Ward "to a T." She has nearly every possible qualification for it. She is comely, graceful, and dignified. The manners of a woman of the world, a *grande dame de par le monde*, and a Tragedy Queen, are equally familiar to her; and she possesses, moreover, a singular capacity for brusque railery and banter—qualities which she displays with amazing cleverness in "Forget Me Not," in contrast to her bursts of vehement denunciation. If in the pathetic portions of Nance's part she lacks softness, that deficiency brings her rather nearer to the portrayal of the real Mistress Oldfield than Mr. Reade's imaginary delineation of the character does. Otherwise, she was to admiration the replica of the famous "actress with the silvery tongue," who has been so enthusiastically eulogised by Colley Cibber. Admirable in her brief assumption of vulgarity, she was in the ladylike episodes charmingly elegant and refined; and in this last aspect once more did she resemble the real Mrs. Oldfield as described by Horace Walpole. "Women of the first rank might have borrowed some part of her behaviour without the least diminution of their sense of dignity." Mr. W. H. Vernon played the crusty country lawyer Nathan Oldworthy, who, in the outset, so strongly objects to his son's consorting with "playactors," and Mr. Philip Beck his son Alexander, the enamoured swain, barrister-at-law and nascent dramatist, who all but goes mad and meditates self-destruction when she whom he has made his "Sovereign Lady," as Mr. William Black, the novelist, would say, puts on—all for the foolish youth's benefit—the voice of a *vivandière* and the manners of a cookmaid. This instant Saturday Miss Genevieve Ward will play Medea in Legouvé's direful tragedy of that name.

Mr. H. J. Byron's three-act drama of "Uncle Dick's Darling," originally produced at the Gaiety Theatre in December, 1869, has been revived with brilliant success at Toole's Theatre, Mr. J. L. Toole playing his original part of Dick Dollard, the noble-hearted Cheap Jack. The pompous Mr. Chenevix and the stalwart blacksmith Joe, originally sustained by Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. John Clayton, respectively, are now in the hands of Mr. John Billington and Mr. E. D. Ward; and Miss Florence West is the representative of Mary Belton, "created" in '69 by Miss Neilson. I hope to see "Uncle Dick's Darling," and to give a full account of it next week. This week I was unable to attend its performance, because I have been "down" for some days past with bronchitis, and am forbidden to be out o' nights. Oddly enough, I was prevented (but by other reasons), from being present at the very first production of "Uncle Dick's Darling" fourteen years ago. On the night of "Uncle Dick's" primary appearance before the footlights, Mr. John Hollingshead was so kind as to produce a piece of my own writing—a very bad burlesque—and I carefully kept away from the theatre till the thing was over. But Mr. H. J. Byron's good drama and my piece of dull buffoonery ran concurrently for a great many nights—Mr. Byron's buoy keeping my water-logged barge from sinking; and I never had the heart to enter the theatre while either one or the other piece was being played.

I see that at a Gaiety matinée, on Thursday, March 8, is to be acted a new drama in three acts, with a prologue, entitled "Ensnared," written by Mr. Walter Frith, the son of the celebrated Royal Academician. The drama will be produced under the direction of Mr. Henry Elmore, of Toole's Theatre. Whether the plot of "Ensnared" in any way resembles that of M. Sardou's "Fedora" is, for the present, no concern at all of mine; but the *on dit* that one at least of the incidents in "Ensnared" is borrowed from M. Adolphe Belot's "Drame de la Rue de la Paix" again takes my memory back to the year '69. In the late summer of that year it chanced that I was returning in the company of Mr. John Hollingshead from the Baths of Hombourg. Passing through Paris, the judicious *impresario* purchased a copy of a then recently-produced drama (not the novel) called "Le Drame de la Rue de la Paix," and we read the piece, journeying from Paris to London. If my memory serves me correctly, Mr. Hollingshead contemplated bringing out an English adaptation of the French piece. Whether he ever did so I am sure that I do not know; for, shortly afterwards, I went off to the wars, and had graver matters than the Playhouses to think of.

G. A. S.

## MUSIC.

We could merely allude, last week, to the resuscitation of two important musical institutions which, it had been feared, were finally extinct. Fortunately, this is not so; and on the Thursday Mr. Henry Leslie's choir entered on a new career, the Sacred Harmonic Society having, on the following evening—also at St. James's Hall—begun a fresh existence.

Mr. Leslie's choir was founded more than a quarter of a century ago, and until last year its performances of choral music, sacred and secular, were specialties in London music. What was supposed to be the last concert was given on July 12, 1880, and the choir was disbanded. It was, however, speedily reorganised, and an inaugural performance was given last July, this being followed by a series of four subscription concerts, the first of which, as already said, took place on Thursday week—the dates of the others being April 14, May 31, and June 28. The performances on the occasion now referred to were of similar efficiency to those of past years. J. C. Bach's fine motet, "I wrestle and pray," Schubert's psalm "The Lord is my Shepherd" (for female voices only), Gounod's "Ave verum," Mendelssohn's psalm, "Lord, bow down Thine ear," Mr. Henry Leslie's "Resurgam," a pleasing new part-song, "The mighty Caravan," by Mr. J. Booth, and a new and skilfully written "O Salutaris Hostia," by Mr. F. Westlake, were all finely sung by the choir. The second (secular) portion of the programme comprised Weelkes's fine old madrigal "As Vesta was descending," an effective new part-song, "How sweet the Moonlight," by Mr. J. G. Callcott, and an expressive new setting by Miss M. V. White, of words taken from Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." This was very successfully rendered by Miss Santley, the contralto solo in Mendelssohn's Psalm having been well sung by Miss M. Burton. Mr. Santley contributed familiar vocal pieces, and Miss Santley and Miss M. V. White played a pianoforte duet on South American airs, arranged by the latter lady. Mr. Randegger (to whom Mr. Leslie has transferred the office of conductor) directed most of the choral performances with his well-known ability.

The Sacred Harmonic Society, founded half a century ago, pursued an honourable, and for some time a prosperous, career at Exeter Hall, where oratorios, and other works by the great masters, were given with a grandeur of choral and orchestral effects hitherto unknown, and such as rendered the institution a European as well as a local celebrity. It was chiefly by this society and its conductor, Sir Michael Costa, that the great Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace were rendered practicable; this being one among many important features in the history of the society. The multiplication of musical performances, dividing public patronage, interfered with the financial success of the concerts, which were necessarily removed to St. James's Hall in 1880, Exeter Hall having become otherwise exclusively occupied. On the completion of the fiftieth season, on April 28 last year, it was decided to dissolve the society, and what was supposed to be the final concert took place then. A resuscitation has, however, happily been effected, the institution being reorganised, with limited liability, under the Companies' Acts, the shares being £1 each. It is to be hoped that many will take advantage of this easy means of securing the future existence of the institution. The office of conductor, resigned by Sir M. Costa (who fulfilled the duties so advantageously to the society since 1848), has been accepted by Mr. Charles Hallé; Mr. Fountain Meen being the new organist. The new season was successfully begun yesterday (Friday) week with a fine performance of M. Gounod's new oratorio "The Redemption," which was excellently rendered in its choral and orchestral details, the solos associated with the Saviour having been finely sung by Mr. Santley, as at the first production of the work at the Birmingham Festival, in August last. The solo soprano music was well rendered by Misses M. Davies and Santley. Miss H. Wilson gave the contralto solos with great taste, Mr. H. Guy recited the tenor narrations effectively, Mr. Burgen having given useful assistance in subordinate bass passages. The chorus-singing was especially good, and the performance altogether and the large attendance augured well for the future of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

Herr Joachim reappeared, after some weeks' absence, at this week's Monday Popular concert, and played in his best style. In the leading part of Beethoven's "Rasounowski" string quartet in E minor, and in Bach's "Chaconne" for violin alone, the great violinist produced a very marked impression. The programme included, besides other features, excellent vocal performances by Mr. E. Lloyd, and piano solos by Scarlatti skilfully executed by Mdle. Marie Krebs.

The selection of Old English ballads recently given at one of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts proved so successful that a similar programme was prepared at this week's concert, which was the last performance but one of the present series.

Mr. Isidore de Lara gave, by special desire, a second vocal recital on Wednesday afternoon at Steinway Hall. He was assisted by Miss Wadman (Mrs. St. Vincent Jervis), and Miss Geneviève Ward.

The second concert of the Philharmonic Society's seventy-first season took place on Thursday evening, when the programme included the reappearance of Señor Sarasate, the distinguished violinist, after an absence of several years.

On the same evening a Welsh festival and operatic concert was given at the Royal Albert Hall, under the direction of Mr. William Carter.

Mr. Kennedy, the eminent Scotch vocalist, was to give the first of two farewell entertainments, "A nicht wi' the Jacobites" at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) evening, and at the same place, next Tuesday evening, he gives "A nicht wi' Burns."

This week's Saturday afternoon concert at the Crystal Palace will be rendered tributary to the memory of the late Richard Wagner, the programme consisting of a selection from his works, beginning with the Funeral March from "Siegfried." In the evening the London Musical Society's concert takes place at St. James's Hall, the programme including the first performance in England of a new "Stabat Mater" by Anton Dvorák.

At San Remo, on the 8th ult., in the Teatro Principe Amedeo, Mrs. Florence Marion Steward's spirited opera, "La Regina di Scozia," was produced with notable success. The music was so well appreciated by an Italian audience that Mrs. Steward, the English composer, was called for and heartily cheered at the end of each act. This lady, we understand, is sister to Mr. J. Hilary Skinner, the well-known special Correspondent of the *Daily News*, whose most recent campaigning services were with the Egyptian expedition. Her operetta performed at Naples, entitled "La Suocera," gained much applause in that city.

A Christian Home for Foreign Emigrants has been opened at Blackwall in the building formerly known as the Brunswick Hotel. The institution is supported by several persons, one of whom has offered £300 if £600 is collected in two months.

## CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

Following the reduction of our Bank rate to 3½ per cent, the Bank of France rate has been lowered from 3½ to 3 per cent, and that of the Austro-Hungarian Bank from 4½ to 4. The Berlin rate is still 4, while that of Brussels is 3½, and that of Amsterdam 5½. In this market an immediate further reduction to 3 per cent is looked for. It may indeed be made to-morrow, for up to the end of last week the reserve amounted to as much as 14 millions, and it must still be increasing, and has the prospect of doing so right on to the end of March, when the fiscal year closes. Should our standard be reduced to 3 per cent the deposit rates would go to 2 as regards the banks, and to 2 and 2½ as regards the discount houses, unless, as regards the latter, three rates were allowed—namely, 2, 2½, and 2¾, in consideration of the obvious fact that money at fourteen days' notice is worth as much as 2½ for the present. Such a further decline in the value of money would give increased prominence to the highest-class securities, dear as they undoubtedly all are.

The necessity of finding investments is evidently widening the area of confidence, and, though the Stock Exchange as a body complains still that there is no improvement in business, there are evidences that, while speculation may be inanimate, investors are taking stocks into favour which have not been much heard of of late. Colonial, Indian, and similar descriptions are generally scarce, and prices are in several instances rising. The less speculative Foreign Government issues follow suit, such classes as Hungarian, Russian, and a few of the better South American issues advancing to a really important extent. Few things could be more welcome than this expansion of interest, showing, as it does, the disposition and tendency of investors. The settlement, which engaged attention all this week up to this afternoon, showed Russian stocks to be short, but otherwise no light was thereby thrown upon the points just referred to, while in railways it was especially noticeable that the supply of stock affected prices. Metropolitan District, for example, which had been sold on the report, came to be very short at the settlement, and the price again and again advanced; but as soon as the settlement was concluded there was a sharp fall, selling being renewed. In contrast to this, however, London and North-Western and Midland both proved to have been oversold, and yet their prices were slow to move. Mexican Railway stocks have been declining for several days, and as the rate of continuation has fallen from ½ per cent last time to ¼ this, stock is clearly coming out of the hands of investors. This is the result of a series of adverse statements as regards the probable effect of the American competing lines, a subject upon which the friends of the company profess to be in no particular degree disturbed.

A bill "for the registration of firms and of persons carrying on business under names or styles other than their own" has been introduced into Parliament by Mr. Barran, Mr. Norwood, and Mr. Monk. It should have the support of all the Chambers of Commerce in the United Kingdom. At present a partner in a firm cannot withdraw from liability without "gazetting" himself out, but anyone may enter a firm without public notification. There is, of course, some sense in the law as it stands. Creditors are benefited, not injured, by persons coming into liability, and there is, therefore, no need to require notice to be given of such occurrences; and hence only withdrawals are required to be published in the *Gazettes*. But the present plan is insufficient, because it is nearly impossible to be at any time sure of who are members of a given firm, as a record of all the *Gazette* notices is out of the question. There are societies and publications which do all that can be done towards keeping up this information, but the experience is that the result is extremely defective, while the desirability of knowing with whom you are trading is undeniable. An Act based on this bill would inflict no hardship on firms, and would be a security to all classes of traders.

In the March number of the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Charles Waring has a comprehensive and practical article upon Brazil from the standpoint, I might almost say, of an English investor. The growth and present position of the material affairs of the country are surveyed, and the conclusion arrived at is "that there is nothing existing or impending calculated to retard, permanently or seriously, its continuous material prosperity. And it seems likely, therefore, that Brazil will continue to afford, as she has afforded in the past, profitable occupation for British industry for generations yet to come."

T. S.

## ELECTION. ITEMS.

Baron Pollock and Mr. Justice Manisty gave judgment on Monday in the matter of the Salisbury election petition. Baron Pollock said that bribery had been proved, but agency was not established; and with regard to the employment of voters, he did not see evidence of an intention to act otherwise than fairly. He should have to name three persons as guilty of bribery; but there had been no extensive bribery in the borough. Judgment would be for the respondent (Mr. Coleridge-Kennard), but without costs. Mr. Justice Manisty denounced the practice of employing voters at elections as most pernicious.

The polling at Newcastle-on-Tyne to fill the seat vacant through the retirement of Mr. Ashten Dilke from Parliamentary life took place last Saturday, when 9443 votes were recorded for Mr. John Morley, Liberal, and 7187 for Mr. Gainsborough Bruce, the Conservative candidate. The state of parties remains unaltered by the election. Mr. Morley has been elected free of expense.

Mr. Timothy Harrington, secretary to the National Land League; at present an inmate of Mullingar Prison, was on Saturday last elected without opposition for Westmeath, in succession to Mr. Gill, who had resigned his seat.

The nomination of candidates for county Dublin for the vacancy caused by the death of Colonel Taylor (C) took place on Thursday week, when Colonel King-Harman (C), Mr. T. Guinness (C), and Mr. E. Macmahon (H R) were put forward as candidates. The polling took place on Tuesday, and the result was declared on Wednesday, as follows:—Colonel King-Harman, 2514; Mr. E. McMahon, 1428; Mr. T. Guinness, 13.

Mr. Richard Abraham French Brewster, of Merrion-square, Dublin (Conservative), and Mr. Thomas Mayne, of Rathmines, Dublin (Nationalist), were on Monday nominated as candidates for the representation of the borough of Portlinton. The polling took place on Wednesday, but the result had not reached us at the time of going to press with our early edition.

Colonel Carington has resigned his seat for High Wycombe, having accepted the post of Equerry to her Majesty.

The first annual musical festival for Wrexham was held on Monday, and the proceeds are to be devoted to the support of a school of music. At the morning meeting there was competition in solo and chorus singing, and the audience was a large and fashionable one.

## NATIONAL SPORTS.

The news of the death of Mr. W. S. Crawford, which occurred at Cannes on Friday week, caused quite a shock to racing men; for though it was known that he was seriously ill, yet he had been in such bad health for so long past that few suspected the end to be so near. Mr. Crawford was in his sixty-fourth year, and can truly be said to "have played the game all round," for he was a great lover of athletics in his earlier days, a fine shot, a leading man in the hunting-field, and has been identified with the turf for forty years. In the early part of his career he took a warm interest in steeplechasing, and *The Returned*, after being unplaced in the previous year, ran second for the Grand National in 1844. Veluti and Father Matthew also carried his colours—at that time "white, black cap"—in the same race; but after 1848 he turned his attention almost entirely to the legitimate business. We believe that Humdrum, who started for the Cesarewitch of 1847, was the first horse that Mr. Crawford ever ran at Newmarket, and he scored his first great success with *The Cur* in the same race. It would answer no good purpose if we gave a list of all his important victories from that time up to the present; but we may mention that in 1856 he changed his colours to "French grey, orange stripe, and black cap," whilst two years later the famous "scarlet" was registered. Mayonaise first brought the new colour into prominent notice by winning the One Thousand Guineas in 1859, a success that was repeated in 1881 by Thebais, and in the following season by St. Marguerite. Mr. Crawford tasted the sweets of victory in all the other classic races; for Moslem divided the Two Thousand with Formosa in 1868, whilst Gang Forward won outright in 1873, Sefton took the Derby in 1878, Thebais the Oaks in 1881, and Craig Millar the St. Leger in 1875. No man ever deserved success more thoroughly, for he was one of the pluckiest buyers of yearlings ever seen, and, only two months ago, gave 9000 guineas for Isonomy. Last year was quite the best he had ever experienced on the turf; for the doughty deeds of Macheath, St. Marguerite, Thebais, Corrie Roy, Energy, and others, placed him well at the head of the list of winning owners; and the disappearance of the names of Macheath, Clairvaux, Keir, and Co. from all future engagements, has completely altered the complexion of the Two Thousand, Derby, and many other races of next season. Owing to the strange doings in connection with Thebais at Newmarket last autumn, the "scarlet" was very unpopular for a time, but the worst sufferers in the matter never for a moment blamed Mr. Crawford himself, and the turf has lost a princely supporter, who can be ill spared at a time when "good men and true" are so few and far between.

After all the gloomy prognostications that had been indulged in with respect to it, the Waterloo Cup, which was decided last week, proved as successful as ever. There was a very large attendance, but the crowd behaved in exemplary fashion, never interfering with the sport in the smallest degree, whilst welshers and other objectionable characters were kept thoroughly in check. The first round was devoid of any very sensational incidents, Kate M'Pherson and Hornpipe being the only prominent candidates that were put out. In the first ties, Strawberry Girl, Manager, and Hector joined the ranks of the missing, the last-named having had such a punishing course against Courtoisie that he could scarcely raise a gallop afterwards. The second ties proved fatal to Rhodora, who was well beaten by Athos in a good trial; and, in the fourth, Snowflight, who up to that point had really had nothing to beat, defeated Spic and Span, whilst Hotspur had too much speed for the clever little Witchery. With regard to the course between Snowflight and Spic and Span, it was generally regretted that the pair were slipped on a piece of soft marshy ground, where it was impossible to obtain a really satisfactory trial. Waterford, who had performed wonderfully well, was so heavily handicapped by a very severe course against Mineral Water that almost any odds were laid upon Snowflight against him. Contrary to expectation, however, he made a determined fight of it, and, had the hare lived a few seconds longer, would probably have won. This brought last year's winner into the final tie with the despised outsider, Wild Mint, and as she led up fully six lengths for the first turn it looked all over. The hare, however, broke sharp back, which put Wild Mint in possession, and, as Snowflight then seemed all abroad, she was well beaten in a somewhat unsatisfactory trial. The result was received with great cheering—such peculiar tactics having been pursued with regard to Snowflight that her victory would have been very unpopular. We append the final tie in each stake:—

## THE CUP.

(I.) Mr. G. J. Alexander vs Mr. W. Osborne's r b Wild Mint, by Haddo—Orla, beat (E.) Mr. W. D. Deighton (Mr. Reilly) vs bk b Snowflight, by Bothal Park—Curiosity.

## THE PURSE.

(S.) Mr. R. B. Carruthers (Mr. A. Vines) vs w f d Markham, by Banker—Fall Mall, beat (E.) Mr. J. Shelton's f b Maid Marian, by Woodman—Reckless.

## THE PLATE.

(E.) Mr. H. Haywood's r b Rota, by Balfie—Ruby, and (E.) Mr. H. G. Miller's r or f d p Manager, by Mistorion—Devotion, divided, the latter taking £65, and Mr. Haywood £40.

Another Billiard Tournament (spot hazard barred) was finished at the Blenheim Restaurant on Monday evening. It was scarcely a success, for the game has been rather done to death of late, added to which the public are mainly attracted by sensational breaks, which, of course, are out of the question without the aid of the spot hazard. On this occasion no one made a hundred off the balls during the seven days' play, and the first prize went to S. W. Stanley, who won six games out of seven, W. J. Peall coming second with five victories. A handicap, in which the "spot" was not barred, took place at the same time at Manchester, and was won by W. Mitchell (100 points start), with John Roberts, jun. (scratch), second.

A bust of the Prince of Wales, by Mr. J. A. Raemaekers, has been presented to the Savage Club.

Tuesday's *Dublin Gazette* contains a proclamation continuing the prohibition against the circulation of the *Irish World* newspaper.

A stained-glass window has been placed in Milford Church, Lymington, in memory of the late Lord Justice Thesiger, the artists being Messrs. Warrington and Co.—Sir Henry and Lady Brownrigg have presented to the church of Shottesbrook, near Maidenhead, a painted window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, in memory of their eldest son.

The Council of the Rochester Diocesan Society held a meeting on Monday, the Bishop of Rochester in the chair. Seven hundred and eight pounds was granted for mission buildings, and £400 for parsonages; but the Council were unable to make any grants for living agents, as those on the books of the society represent an annual charge of over £5000.

A scholar of New College has carried off the Hertford University Scholarship at Oxford; two other scholars are placed second and third in the competition; and a fourth scholar of the same college has obtained the Senior Mathematical Scholarship in the University, and with it Lady Herschel's prize for Astronomy.



1. Exit from Upper Castle Yard to Cork Hill, where house was taken for shooting Earl Cowper. 2. Residence of Carey, the approver, in Denzille-street. 3. Building in Peter-street where Fenians met for drill. 4. Kilmainham Court-House, where investigation into the Phoenix Park murders is being held. The mark x shows the gate by which the prisoners leave the jail when they are brought to the court-house. 5. Angel Hotel, Dublin, where Carey held the interview with the pseudo-priest Sheridan.

#### SKETCHES IN DUBLIN CONNECTED WITH THE MURDER CONSPIRACY.

### THE DUBLIN MURDER CONSPIRACY.

Since the committal for trial, on Tuesday last week, of the Dublin prisoners charged with the murders in the Phoenix Park, on May 6, when Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. T. H. Burke were foully waylaid and stabbed to death, public feeling upon this subject has scarcely abated. Government has been taking steps towards the apprehension of the persons in France and America who were named by James Carey, the approver, as having visited Dublin, some time before the act of assassination, in connection with the plot of the "Irish Invincibles"; which secret society appears to have been formed in London, with some assistance from abroad, and to have been planted in Ireland, more than a twelvemonth ago, by Walsh and other directors or confidential agents, enlisting many of the former members of the Fenian or "Irish Republican Brotherhood." The evidence of James Carey, which is fresh in our

readers' memory, and which seems to have a certain amount of circumstantial confirmation, referred to several incidents of the conspirators' preparatory proceedings; and he mentioned that there was an intention, in the earlier part of last year, to kill Earl Cowper, the Lord Lieutenant, by shooting him from the window of a house which they had taken on Cork-hill, near the gate of the Upper Castle-yard. This gate, with the equipage of his Excellency driving out, is represented in the first of our present illustrations. The second View is that of the house in Denzille-street, which has for some time been the residence of James Carey and his family, who lived in a respectable style becoming his position as a master-builder and member of the Dublin Town Council. He was the owner or leaseholder of several other houses, which he let in apartments to a number of small tenants, collecting their weekly rents for his private income. One of these houses, No. 10, Peter-street, already described by a

witness, who lived there as Carey's tenant, had an adjacent yard, with a separate entrance-gate, and in this yard was a building which served the conspirators for their regular hall of meeting, and possibly for drilling with arms. The next illustration shows Kilmainham Court-House, where the police magistrates for the Northern Division of the City of Dublin hold their usual sittings; and it is here, close to the more celebrated Kilmainham Jail, that they have been engaged during the past three or four weeks in their investigation of the Assassination Plot. The last subject of these sketches, for the present publication, is the Angel Hotel, on King's Inns Quay, where Carey says he met a person disguised as a priest whom he believes to be Mr. P. J. Sheridan, formerly of Tobercurry, a well-known member of the Land League. Sheridan had had a warrant out against him, and had fled to America, but was in the habit, according to Mr. W. E. Forster, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, of secretly coming



LADY TEAZLE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY R. J. GORDON, FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

to and fro, and getting up the agrarian outrages then rife in the West of Ireland. It was this Sheridan who was mentioned by Mr. Parnell, in his conversations with Mr. O'Shea, M.P. for Clare county, when in Kilmainham Jail about the end of April, as a man who could be used to persuade the Irish peasants to desist from such outrages as he had before promoted. But the evidence of Carey is by no means positive as to the identity of Sheridan with the pseudo-priest, "Father Murphy," whom he met at the Angel about the end of December or beginning of January, and afterwards in February at the Midland Hotel. Carey says that he never knew Sheridan, but he had heard his name, and he was told, after meeting the disguised person, that it was Sheridan whom he had met. It appears that Sheridan is now in New York, and a demand for his extradition has been preferred by the British Minister to the United States. Frank Byrne has been arrested in Paris, where an examination will take place by order of the French Government. Brennan is in America, and had not yet been arrested up to the middle of the week.

### "LADY TEAZLE."

A very pretty Lady Teazle is realised for us by Mr. R. J. Gordon—the promising painter of the Society of British Artists, whose picture we have engraved from the Suffolk-street Exhibition. She is just the Lady Teazle we should expect in the rustic belle whose natural innocence and honesty is hardly affected by the sprightly temperament that, on her induction into fashionable life, impels her to assume the dress, the extravagance, and the manners of the fine lady. In coming to the house of Joseph Surface, however, she committed an indiscretion, as she herself confessed, in that famous scene of the "School for Scandal," where she takes refuge behind the screen—that most dramatic scene which exposes the true characters of Joseph and Charles Surface, and which reconciles the thoughtless young wife to her rather elderly, querulous, and jealous, but generous and doting lord. The immediate incident in the play here illustrated seems to be, judging by the glimpse of figures and the gesture of one in the background, that when, on Charles Surface being announced, Sir Peter is entering the closet to hear what the new comer's real sentiments towards his wife may be—after he has discovered that there is a petticoat behind the screen, belonging, according to the moral Joseph, to a little French milliner. Lady Teazle has, therefore, overheard the liberal intentions of her husband as regards her future; and, stricken with shame and remorse at her levity, she places her hand to her heart, almost ready to swoon on finding herself in so humiliating a position. We need not recall the startling dénouement of the situation when Charles Surface throws down the screen and exclaims, "Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!"

### THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The Duke of Cambridge presided on Wednesday afternoon at the general meeting of the National Rifle Association, which was held at the United Service Institution. The Duke remarked on the condition of the association as he found it set forth in the report. On the whole, the financial result of the Wimbledon meeting was most satisfactory, in spite of the bad weather, which was much to be regretted. The council had been able to add to the capital account a sum of £1000, in consequence of the increase in the receipts. The closing of the military canteen on Sundays had worked well. There had been a general increase in nearly all the prize-lists; and the president announced the promise of a considerable number of new prizes for the next Wimbledon meeting. The Marquis of Hartington had intimated his intention of presenting a prize as the Secretary of State for War, and the Earl of Wemyss, better known to them as Lord Elcho, had written stating that he would add £100 to the Mullins Prize next year; the result of this additional gift was that Mr. Mullins now gave £5000 altogether. Two Indian and three Canadian associations had applied to be affiliated with the association. The council, after much consideration, had decided that as the terms of the enrolment of Yeomanry were so nearly identical with the Rifles, they would this year accede to their request to be allowed to take part in the competitions at Wimbledon, as a tentative measure. Their next meeting would be held on the second Monday in July. Everything seemed to be progressing agreeably, and the Duke expressed a hope, in conclusion, that in the future the association would work as harmoniously as it had done in the past. He moved the adoption of the report.

In the discussion which followed, prior to the adoption of the report, the question of the possibility or otherwise of increasing the number of entries at Wimbledon was brought forward; but it was stated by the council to be impossible to make an increase, notwithstanding that they had made arrangements for working the targets somewhat faster.

The report was adopted, and the Duke of Cambridge was unanimously re-elected President, an office which he at once accepted. The vice-presidents were also unanimously re-elected.

### VOLUNTEERS.

The complete returns of the Volunteer force for the last official year have been presented to Parliament, and the results are generally considered to be gratifying, as, though there is a slight falling off in enrolled strength, the percentage of efficient is the largest that has ever been attained. The total enrolled strength, is 207,336, of whom 199,374 are efficient; 5692 officers (328 of whom passed the examination in tactics) and 11,929 sergeants have earned the extra grant for proficiency; and 175,878 of all arms were present at inspection.

The Earl of Morley, Under-Secretary for War, on Saturday last, at Woolwich, presented the prizes won by members of the Royal Arsenal Rifle Volunteers in their annual competition. His Lordship congratulated the corps on having maintained a high character.

Lord Wolseley presided on Monday evening at the annual dinner of the South London Rifle Club, and in proposing the "Army, Navy, and Auxiliary Forces," referred to the co-operation of the two services in Egypt, expressing his conviction that on no previous occasion within his knowledge had the Army and Navy worked together with greater cordiality or with more comradeship than during the recent war. He hoped to see Volunteers and Militia bound up with the Line, so that they might feel they belonged to the same service.

The fifty-first anniversary dinner of the Linen and Woollen Drapers, Silk Mercers, Lacemen, Haberdashers and Hosiers' Institution was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street, yesterday week, Mr. Jonathan Croker in the chair; the company numbered nearly 300. The report stated that the institution had paid in pecuniary aid since its formation £91,621 14s. The receipts for the past year were £6198, and the amount distributed in relief £5191. Donations were announced to the total of £2177.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Feb. 27.

At last there is a change in the political situation. The crisis is at an end, M. Jules Ferry has accepted office and Parliament has settled down to work. The new Ministry, which seems likely to remain in office for some considerable time, is composed as follows:—President of the Council, Public Instruction, Jules Ferry; Foreign Affairs, Challemeil-Lacour; Interior, Waldeck-Rousseau; Justice, Martin-Feuillée; Finance, Tirard; War, Thibaudin; Marine, Ch. Brun; Public Works, Raynal; Agriculture, Méline; Commerce, Hérisson; Post and Telegraph, Cochery. On Thursday the new Ministry presented itself before Parliament with a very authoritative declaration, which was, on the whole, well received. The first business of the new Cabinet evidently was to settle the affair of the Princes, which has been done by an application of a law of 1834. By a decree signed by the President of the Republic, on the recommendation of the Minister of War, the Duc d'Aumale, the Duc de Chartres, and the Duc d'Alençon have been put in non-activity by the withdrawal of their employ. The only reasons invoked in support of this measure by General Thibaudin are "the emotion of public opinion" and the "exceptional situation" of the officers in question. On Saturday the Right interpellated the Ministry on these decrees, and M. Ferry obtained the sanction of the House by 376 votes against 101. With such a majority the Ferry Ministry ought certainly to be able to live.

I mention, simply in order to call attention to the storm of protestations it has raised in the Press, a bill against duelling elaborated by a committee of senators. The bill proposes to consider duelling as a misdemeanour, punishable by imprisonment and heavy fines. The Press is unanimous in ridiculing this bill. The duel, say the writers, makes up in very many cases for the insufficiency of legal justice, and before suppressing duelling you must suppress the point of honour. As I have often had occasion to remark, fencing and swordsmanship have never been held in higher favour than they are at the present day. In modern Parisian Society the "Salle d'Armes" holds a position that might in many respects be compared to the London Club.

In spite of the Lenten season, perhaps even on account of it, Paris is very gay just now. Last Thursday there was a ball at the Presidency, and all over the town there are balls and fêtes, where the hosts vie with each other in finding some new surprise for their guests. At a "bal poudré" in the Marais the other night the ladies all wore Louis XV. costumes, with powdered hair, and each one when she left, towards six o'clock in the morning, received a present of a gilded basket containing a bottle of champagne and a penny loaf—her breakfast. To-night there will be a grand banquet at the Hôtel Continental, offered by the literary men of Paris—or, rather, by a number of literary men—to Victor Hugo, on the occasion of the eighty-first anniversary of the poet's birth. Victor Hugo is in excellent physical health, only he is deaf, and his faculties are somewhat blunted.

M. Réan's recent lecture on Judaism, delivered at the Cercle Saint-Simon, has just been issued by Calmann-Lévy in book form. Amongst the new books of the week may be recommended the second and concluding volume of M. Maxime du Camp's interesting "Souvenirs Littéraires." M. du Camp has much to say about Théophile Gautier, Gustave Flaubert, Georges Sand, Alfred de Musset, the Saint-Simonians, and the painters and writers of the Second Empire. Collectors and curiosity-lovers will read with interest M. Endel's volume "L'Hôtel Drouot en 1882" (1 vol., Charpentier), which gives an anecdotic record of the sales of the past year, and a chronicle of all the events that concern objects of art, bibelots, books, &c. Specialists, philologists, and even the general reader of modern French literature will welcome M. Loredan Larchey's supplement to the tenth edition of his excellent "Dictionnaire d'Argot" (1 vol., Dentu).

The widow of the poet Heine died at Passy last week, in her sixty-eighth year, and was buried beside her husband in the cemetery of Montmartre. The curious will find many amusing details about this lady in Madame Jaubert's "Souvenirs" and in the "Souvenirs d'Henri Heine," published three years ago by his niece, the Princess della Rocca.—Gustave Doré's will, which has been just opened, directs that his works shall be kept for two years, and then sold by public auction. Doré left most of his property to charitable foundations.—Prince Napoleon, it appears, intends to leave Paris. His two sons are to take service in the Italian army. It is announced that the Duc de Chartres intends to make a long journey in the Caucasus and Central Asia, and to offer his services to Russia, in view of a forthcoming war.—Some statistics to conclude with: at the present moment Paris boasts forty-eight theatres and fifty-six cafés-concerts; the Grand Opéra alone employs 1027 persons, who cost 4,300,000*fr.* a year.

A man, said to be Frank Byrne, was arrested here this morning, in virtue of a warrant issued by a Dublin magistrate.

T. C.

It is stated that Señor Canovas will ask the Spanish Cortes to vote the supplies for the purchase of the Duke of Ossuna's collection of books, manuscripts, paintings, and armour, the value of which is roughly estimated at £200,000.

The King of the Belgians has completely recovered from his recent indisposition.—In consequence of the investigations made by the Belgian police with respect to the dynamite explosion at Ganshoben an incessant exchange of telegrams between Brussels, Paris, and St. Petersburg has been going on. It appears that the letters seized by the Executive have reference to a vast international Anarchist plot. The man Métayer died on Monday of the injuries he received from the explosion of the bomb he was carrying in his pocket.

The Swiss National Exhibition will be opened at Zurich in May. The building, which is very extensive, will be divided into a machinery hall and an industrial palace. Space has been taken for upwards of five thousand exhibits.—The Grand Council of Zurich has rejected a proposal for the separation of Church and State in the Canton by 112 against 39 votes.

Wednesday being the day appointed for the celebration of the silver wedding of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, the streets at Berlin were gaily decorated with flags. Fir-branches and busts of their Imperial Highnesses were also to be seen at various points. The houses in several quarters of the city were illuminated. The Unter den Linden and the adjoining streets were thronged with crowds of people in holiday attire, and presented a very animated appearance. A grand state dinner was given in the afternoon at the Imperial Palace, to which all the Royal and Princely guests had been invited. The Emperor paid a visit in the morning to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. On Monday, in presence of the Emperor and Empress, there was a rehearsal of the Fancy Costume Festival, including the processions and quadrille, at the Royal Castle; and on Tuesday evening there was a reception at the palace of the Crown Prince, Unter den Linden. Among the guests were the Pre-

sidents of all the provinces of Prussia, and a number of representative deputations from the peasantry and citizens, as well as various corporations. We shall give in a future Number some illustrations of the magnificent spectacle on Wednesday.

A grand ball was given at the British Embassy, St. Petersburg, on Thursday week, in honour of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. Only 200 invitations were issued. Their Imperial Majesties arrived at eleven o'clock, and dancing at once commenced. The Emperor, who seemed in excellent spirits, was dressed in the uniform of the Horse Guards, and wore the Order of the Garter. The Duke of Edinburgh wore the uniform of a Russian Admiral. The assembly was most brilliant. Dancing, in which their Majesties joined, continued until one o'clock, when supper was served. The Emperor took in Lady Thornton. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh left St. Petersburg on Monday for Berlin to take part in the Silver Wedding ceremony.—The Emperor held a review of the troops in the St. Petersburg district on Saturday.—His Majesty has ordered a Special Commission to issue for the revision of the laws relating to the Jews.—The first great Russian ironclad on the Black Sea, now building at Nicolaieff, will have 18-in. armour, six 12-in. and seven rifled 6-in. guns. It is of the type of Peter the Great, but larger, its length being 320 ft. by 69 ft., and the depth 25 ft., with 9000-horse power.—The *Golos* has been suspended for a period of six months, and forty students of the St. Petersburg University have been arrested and cast into prison for commenting unfavourably upon the Tolstoi administration.

The Archaeological Society of Athens, which is composed of distinguished savants resident in this capital, opened at Athens on Tuesday an exhibition containing a splendid collection of ancient vases, pottery, gold and silver jewellery, and precious coins, a considerable proportion of the objects being now on view for the first time.

The Government of the United States has been applied to for the extradition of P. J. Sheridan.—The Senate and House of Representatives have passed a joint resolution in favour of the abrogation of the fishery clauses of the Treaty of Washington.—The Republican party in the House of Representatives have held a caucus, at which it was resolved not to support the Senate's Tariff Bill.—Mr. John W. Foster has been nominated United States Minister at Madrid.—There has been a revolt of criminals in the Penitentiary at Jefferson City, Missouri. They set fire to the building, but none of them escaped.

In the sitting of the Dominion House of Commons last week the Premier, Sir J. A. Macdonald, said he had no aspirations to become Governor-General, and if he had there was not the slightest chance of their being fulfilled.—The British Columbian Parliament reassembled on the 21st ult. All the members of the new Cabinet were re-elected unopposed. The Hon. Mr. Smith, the Premier, announced the discovery of a deficit of 100,000*dols.* in last year's revenue.

Meetings are being held among the Europeans in India to protest against the Bill for the Amendment of the Criminal Procedure Code, so far as regards the jurisdiction given over British subjects.

The general elections held in Victoria, Australia, have resulted in the return of a nearly equal number of Constitutionals and Liberals, the former having a small majority, including several members who have hitherto supported the Ministry, as well as some Independents. Notwithstanding the result of the elections, the Ministry have resolved to meet Parliament on the commencement of a new Session.—It is stated that the governorship of Queensland has been offered to Sir Anthony Musgrave, Governor of Jamaica. At Melbourne a cricket-match has been played between the Hon. Ivo Bligh's team and an Eleven of all Australia, which was won by the Colonists by four wickets.

The Queen has approved the appointment of the Hon. Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon, late Governor of New Zealand, to be Governor of Ceylon, when Sir James Longden retires from that government on the completion of his term of office during the present year.

The White Star steamer Republic, in crossing the Atlantic, rescued forty-four of those on board the steamer Glamorgan, which had been nearly sunk in a hurricane, her captain and six others having been drowned.

The lighthouse at Cape Grisnez will be the first of forty lighthouses along the coast which the French Government have determined to illuminate by means of electricity. The expense of this undertaking is estimated at 5,000,000*fr.*, and the work will extend over eight years.

Five of Professor Palmer's murderers were hanged on Wednesday, in the presence of thirty-five Bedouin chiefs, specially summoned to the execution.

During February the Agent-General for the Cape sent out 265 emigrants to the colony—194 being artisans of various trades and domestic servants, and 71 recruits for the Cape Mounted Riflemen.

A female inmate of the South Dublin Union has been found to have Government Stocks to the amount of £900, and the board has decided to relieve her of the money by way of loan, as she is too ill to be discharged.

The teachers of the Metropolitan School Board gave their eleventh annual soirée at the Cannon-street Hotel yesterday week, when 400 ladies and gentlemen were present, and dancing was kept up with spirit to a late hour.

There were 2759 births and 1554 deaths registered in London last week, the former having exceeded by 10, while the latter were 299 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the past ten years. The deaths included 6 from smallpox, 36 from scarlet fever, 18 from diphtheria, 28 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 13 from enteric fever, 6 from continued fever, and 12 from dysentery.

The Rev. Dr. Landels, who has been minister of Regent's-park Chapel twenty-eight years, bade farewell last Tuesday evening to his congregation at a social meeting convened for that purpose, he having accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Dublin-street, Edinburgh. He was presented with a parting gift of 200 guineas, a writing-table being given to Mrs. Landels. These recognitions were in addition to 1000 guineas presented to Dr. Landels by his congregation about five years ago.

On Wednesday afternoon the churchyard and ground attached to the old parish church of St. John, Bermondsey, was opened as a recreation-ground and dedicated to the public in the presence of the parish officials and a large number of the inhabitants. The churchyard, which is a very large one, has been laid out into walks and flower-beds, and the tombstones removed to a place of safety, and a reference plan prepared showing the exact spot from which each stone was taken. An old watch-house, situated at the entrance, has been transformed into a lodge for the caretaker. The ground is shaded by trees, and, situated as it is in the centre of some of the narrowest and dirtiest streets in the metropolis, is regarded by the residents as a great boon.

THE COURT.

The event of the week at Windsor Castle has been the birth of another granddaughter to her Majesty, the Duchess of Albany having given birth to a daughter at half-past six on Sunday evening. The Duchess had driven out twice the previous day; but the Queen did not attend Divine service as usual on Sunday morning, and she and the Princess of Waldeck Pyrmont, with the Duke of Albany and Sir William Vernon Harcourt, were present at the accouchement; the medical attendants being Dr. J. Matthews Duncan, Mr. Arnold Royle, and Sir William Jenner. The Duchess is progressing favourably, and the infant Princess is well. Princess Beatrice attended Divine service on Sunday in the private chapel of the castle, the Rev. Canon Duckworth officiating. Her Majesty's dinner party included Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Albany, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, the Hon. Mrs. R. Moreton, Baroness Loebell, Sir William Harcourt, Canon Duckworth, and Major Waller, R.E. The usual daily drives have been taken by the Queen and the Royal family. Princess Christian has lunched with and visited her Majesty frequently. Princess Beatrice has paid a visit to the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough. The Prince of Wales came to see the Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Albany previous to his departure for Berlin. The Marquis of Hartington, the Lord Chancellor and the Countess of Selborne, and Viscount and Viscountess Downe, have been among her Majesty's dinner guests.

The Imperial Crown Prince of Germany, K.G., has been made a K.G.C.B. by the Queen. The Victoria Cross has been conferred upon Lieutenant W. M. M. Edwards, second battalion Highland Light Infantry, for the conspicuous bravery displayed by him during the battle of Tel-el-Kebr.

The Queen, who had requested a portrait of Miss Jessie Ace, the rescuer of two of the shipwrecked crew of the barque Prinz Adalbert, wrecked off the Mumbles, in acknowledging the receipt of it, stated that she is greatly pleased with the photograph, both as a work of art and as a memento of a noble act. The servants resident at the Castle have sent to the Mayor of Windsor £32 in aid of the funds for the distressed sufferers by the recent floods in the district; and her Majesty has given £20 to the funds of the Rev. A. Robins and the Rev. G. D. Nicholas, respectively, which have also been started for the same object.

Drawingrooms will be held by the Queen at Buckingham Palace on the 6th and 13th inst. The next Levée will be held by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of her Majesty, at St. James's Palace on the 12th inst.

The Prince of Wales, before leaving town for Berlin to participate in the celebration of the Silver Wedding festivities of the Imperial Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, presided at a meeting of the Dean Wellesley Memorial Committee, at Mr. Boehm's studio; was present at a Standing Committee of the trustees of the British Museum; was in the House of Commons when the adjourned debate on the Address to her Majesty was resumed by Mr. Parnell; attended a concert given by the members of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, at St. Andrew's Hall; and went to Windsor and dined with Colonel Ewart and the officers of the 2nd Life Guards, visiting her Majesty before his return. His Royal Highness left Marlborough House last Saturday evening, attended by Colonel Ewart (2nd Life Guards), Colonel A. Ellis, Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, and Mr. Knollys, arriving at Berlin at half-past ten on Sunday night, being received at the railway station by the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, Prince William, Princess Victoria, and the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. On Monday morning the Prince received at the Crown Prince's Palace a deputation from the Blücher Hussars, of which his Royal Highness has recently been appointed honorary Colonel. His Royal Highness, wearing the uniform of the regiment, went afterwards to the Palace and called upon the Emperor and Empress, and also visited the other members of the Imperial family, who subsequently returned the visits. A state dinner of the Royal family only, at which covers were laid for forty, was given in the afternoon by the Crown Prince and Princess in honour of the Prince. The British Ambassador was received by his Royal Highness during the day, and the Prince visited Prince Bismarck, Count Moltke, and all the Ministers of State. On Tuesday his Royal Highness called upon Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and the King and Queen of Saxony. The Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, left Marlborough House on Monday for Sandringham, Princess Christian having previously visited her. The Prince and Princess have promised to preside at the opening of the new galleries of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly, on April 26. After the ceremony there will be a concert, to which the charge for admission will be one guinea, the receipts to go to the Royal College of Music. His Royal Highness has intimated that he will preside at the sixty-ninth anniversary dinner of the Royal Hospital for the Diseases of the Chest, City-road, to be held in May.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh left St. Petersburg on Monday for Berlin, whence, after the Silver Wedding festivities, they return to England.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who were staying at the Hôtel Bellevue, Mentone, drove to Mr. Hanbury's villa at La Mortola, an Italian village, last Saturday, and on Sunday they paid a visit to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg.

The Duke of Albany has consented to lay the foundation-stone of the new building of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution on April 23. His Royal Highness has subscribed £50 towards the memorial to Archbishop Taft.

Count Münster gave a banquet, and afterwards an evening party, at the German Embassy, Carlton House-terrace, on Wednesday, in celebration of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany's Silver Wedding.

The marriage of Mr. Henry Upton, nephew and heir-presumptive of General Viscount Templeton, with Lady Evelyn Finch Hatton, only daughter of Fanny, Countess of Winchilsea and Nottingham, was solemnised on Wednesday afternoon, by special license, at St. George's, Hanover-square. The bride was attired in a costume of ivory duchesse satin, trimmed with Brussels lace and sprays of stephanotis and orange-blossoms. Mr. C. A. Stephenson acted as best man. The service was fully choral. Late in the afternoon Mr. and Lady Evelyn Upton left for Havreholme Priory, Sleaford.

The Company of Merchant Taylors have forwarded 100 guineas in aid of the Cambridge Fund for Old and Disabled Soldiers; the Goldsmiths' Company have made a grant of £20 to the British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females at Lower Clapton; the Drapers' Company have contributed fifty guineas towards rebuilding the Evangelical Protestant Deaconesses' Institution and Training Hospital, Tottenham, and the Leathersellers' Company ten guineas for current expenditure; and the Drapers' Company have granted twenty-five guineas and the Clothworkers' Company twenty guineas to the London School of Medicine for Women, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square.

MR. MELTON PRIOR'S LECTURE ON THE WAR IN EGYPT.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by General Hamley, General Willis, Lord Henry Lennox, and Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 21, paid a visit to the Savage Club, and presided over a most entertaining soirée. The Savage Club Saturday evenings, in their rooms at Lancaster House, Savoy, are about the most pleasant reunions in town; and it was doubtless with agreeable recollections of the night on which he was enrolled a member that the Prince accepted the invitation to take the chair at the soirée in question. H.R.H. was received by the following members of the Committee of the Savage Club:—Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, Mr. Charles Kelly, Mr. P. T. Duffy, Mr. Herbert Johnson, Mr. J. Somers Vine, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, and Mr. Goodman, the honorary secretary.

The Lecture by Mr. Melton Prior on the War in Egypt was the first item in the programme. It was listened to with unabated attention throughout; and the vivid battle scenes thrown by the lime-light on the screen presented a most interesting panorama of the naval and military operations of Lord Alcester and Lord Wolseley. Mr. Prior was well qualified for his task. Beginning with the Ashantee Expedition, Mr. Prior has during the past decade depicted some ten campaigns as Special War Artist of *The Illustrated London News*, comprising the Kafir, Basuto, Zulu, and Boer Wars in South Africa, and the Herzegovinian, Servian, and Russo-Turkish Wars in the East. It was in a happy, colloquial manner that Mr. Prior at the outset of his lecture at the Savage Club told how Mr. William Ingram in the summer of last year dispatched him, almost at a moment's notice, to Egypt in the service of this Journal. The active Special Artist arrived in time to see and sketch the Bombardment of Alexandria; and the great value of the cartoons shown in Mr. Prior's lecture on the naval and military operations is that they are nearly all enlarged from the original sketches made by him under fire in Egypt. These were clearly thrown on the screen by Mr. E. Marshall, of Queen Victoria-street; and each tableau was so bold and effective as to lend force to the illusion that Mr. Prior was describing the stirring events as they happened before the spectators. The salient features of the Bombardment—a general view of Sir Beauchamp Seymour's Fleet shelling the forts, Bluejackets at their guns and Nordenfeldt, Commander Hoskins's narrow escape, and the battered forts of Arabi—were quickly followed by equally animated tableaux of Alexandria in flames, and Lord Charles Beresford putting martial law in force against incendiaries. An excellent general view of the British position face to face with Arabi's intrenchments at Kafr Dowar, and spirited sketches of the reconnaissances with Captain Fisher's Ironclad train, and the Mounted Infantry, were succeeded by illustrations of Sir Garnet Wolseley's strategic move by sea from Alexandria to Port Said and Ismailia. Life-like portraits of Sir Garnet and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught (both warmly applauded when exhibited) introduced the advance to Cairo; and the interest was increased as Mr. Prior succinctly pointed out the familiar incidents of the Night Charge of Sir Drury Lowe at Kassassin, and the dashing episodes of the capture of Tel-el-Kebr. The lecturer, who well deserved the applause freely given him by the Savages, was honoured by the Prince of Wales with a graceful compliment. H.R.H. said, "Everybody has known for years that Mr. Melton Prior is a clever Artist; but few probably were aware before that he is so graphic a lecturer. I have just been told this very interesting lecture has lasted an hour; but it seemed to me only ten minutes."

The Prince was then presented by Sir Cunliffe Owen with a handsome album, containing the portraits of the members of the Savage Club, that of H.R.H. having been taken by the Van der Weyde light, and several photographs being from the studio of Mr. Fradelle. A reference by Sir Cunliffe Owen to the Royal College of Music induced the Prince to suggest that the Club should give an entertainment in order to form a Savage Club scholarship for the College. On the motion of Mr. John Radcliffe, the eminent flautist, the suggestion was at once adopted. How rich the Savage Club is in entertainers was amply shown after supper at the Smoking Concert, at which the Prince took the chair. No other club in London could have presented so varied and good a programme as was supplied by Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. C. T. Townley, Mr. Maybrick, Mr. Henry Walsham, Mr. Harry Paulton, Mr. John Maclean, Mr. Edward Terry, and Mr. James Fernandez, whose recital of Mr. G. R. Sims's poem of "The Life-boat" was exceptionally powerful. As the genial pianist to the Savage Club, Mr. Theodore Drew skilfully accompanied each song.

We may add that Mr. Prior is to deliver his Lecture on the War in Egypt for the first time in public at the Crystal Palace on the current Friday afternoon; and will repeat it at Tunbridge Wells on Saturday afternoon; at St. Leonard's next Monday; in St. George's Hall, London, on Tuesday; at Southampton on Wednesday; at Bournemouth on Thursday; Bath on Friday, and Clifton on Saturday next.

The British Archaeological Society have accepted the invitation of the Mayor of Dover to hold their meeting in that town this year. Lord Granville will open the proceedings.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE NEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DATE.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		General Direction.	Remarks.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 P.M.	Minimum, read at 10 P.M.	Force.	Direction.		
February	Inches.	°	°	°	°	°	°				
18	29.930	39.8	35.9	87	8	46.0	36.2	S. SW.		191	0.010
19	30.119	39.2	34.4	84	9	43.2	34.8	SW.		116	0.010
20	30.254	43.4	42.1	95	10	47.7	35.7	SW.		242	0.050
21	30.411	49.0	45.9	90	10	52.9	44.4	SW.		316	0.000
22	30.491	48.5	43.9	86	7	54.6	42.0	WSW. WSW.		323	0.000
23	30.491	48.5	43.9	86	1	51.1	39.3	WSW.		164	0.010
24	30.780	41.0	33.8	78	1	51.1	39.3	WSW.		164	0.010
25	30.625	43.1	36.9	81	7	52.9	34.3	SW. WSW.		199	0.000

\* Dew.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock, a.m.:—  
Barometer (in inches) corrected .. 29.932  
Temperature of Air .. 41.8  
Temperature of Water .. 41.2  
Temperature of Evaporation .. 41.2  
Direction of Wind .. S. WSW. SW. SW. WSW. W.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 10, 1883.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
11.10	11.10	11.10	11.10	11.10	11.10	11.10
11.10	11.10	11.10	11.10	11.10	11.10	11.10
11.10	11.10	11.10	11.10	11.10	11.10	11.10

HOME NEWS.

The Lord Lieutenant held the second Levée of the season at Dublin castle on Tuesday. It was largely attended.

Mr. Jackson, M.P. for Leeds, has been chosen a director of the Great Northern Railway.

It appears from a Parliamentary paper issued on Monday that the amount of the loans advanced to Irish railways through the Board of Public Works is £936,632.

The Pope has conferred the title of Marquis on Mr. Cope, of Cotswold, Gloucestershire, who has made a handsome donation to the Roman clerical schools.

Two American astronomers have discovered a new comet. It is travelling eastward from the sun, and may probably soon be visible in Europe.

Mr J. E. Bealey, of Bloxwich, has added a tower and peal of five bells to Christ Church, Blakenhall-leath, in the diocese of Lichfield, which owes its foundation to his liberality.

The annual court of the Seamen's Hospital Society was held yesterday week, when Mr. Goschen, M.P., appealed for aid, the funds not being adequate to meet the expenditure.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Cambrian Academy, held last week, Mr. J. R. G. Grundy and Mr. Cuthbert C. Grundy were elected Academicians.

A new hall, added to the Orphan Working School at Haverstock-hill by Sir James Tyler, at a cost of £2000, was on Thursday week opened by the Duke of Cambridge.

St. George's Chapel, Windsor, will be closed next Monday, and until further notice, that the work of rebuilding the organ may be proceeded with by Messrs. Gray and Davison.

The Royal Italian Opera Company, it is announced, has let Covent Garden Theatre and Floral Hall to the late Lessee, Mr. W. F. Thomas, for promenade concerts for the next three autumn seasons.

In the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, last Saturday, the Rev. E. G. Ingham was consecrated Bishop of Sierra Leone by the Archbishop of York, assisted by the Bishop of London and other Bishops.

A new general mid-day mail is dispatched to towns on the London and North-Western line of railway by a mail train which leaves Euston-square daily (Sundays excepted) at 1.30 p.m.

Professor Huxley, presiding at the annual meeting of the Sanitary Protection Association last Saturday, observed that where rats were found in the basements of houses it might be concluded there was communication with the sewers, and means ought at once to be taken to remove the evil.

Messrs. R. Napier and Sons, Lancefield, Glasgow, launched the war-ship Phacton on Tuesday. She is over 3000 tons burden, 5000-horse power, and is built entirely of steel. She is armed with ten six-inch guns, two Gatlings, six Nordenfeldt guns, and ten torpedoes.

Lord Cranbrook presided on Tuesday afternoon at the annual court of the Clergy Orphan Corporation. It was mentioned that the subscriptions and donations had much diminished, and a considerable amount had been taken from the funded capital to maintain the schools.

At a meeting of inhabitants of Dulwich last Saturday night it was decided, in recognition of the devoted services shown by Dr. Carver, the Head Master of Dulwich College, in the cause of education, to create an endowment and scholarship, or prizes, in his name; and a public subscription is to be opened for the purpose.

The annual meeting of delegates from the Associated Chambers of Commerce, which extended over three days, was brought to a close on Thursday week, the principal subjects discussed at the last sitting being the Joint Stock Companies Acts, the law of partnership, railway rates and fares, the canal system in relation to railways, and the Manchester ship canal.

Lord Aberdare presided on Monday evening at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, at which a letter was read from the Foreign Office stating that besides the Swedish expedition to Greenland under Professor Nordenskjöld there is to be one from Denmark, under Lieutenant Holm, of the Danish Navy, which will extend over two years.

The annual meeting of the East London Nursing Society was held on Tuesday at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. Lord George Hamilton, M.P., in advocating the claims of the institution, said it was doing a most beneficent work in spreading in the poorest parts of London a knowledge of rules and principles by which health could be preserved, epidemics checked, and illness successfully overcome.

At yesterday week's meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works the Building Act Committee reported that the Royal Italian Opera House Covent Garden had not complied with the notice served as to the opening and closing of the exits from the theatre, and recommended that another notice be served by the solicitor. The same committee suggested several structural alterations in the Globe and Elephant and Castle Theatres. The report was agreed to.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* learns that Mr. Charles West Cope, the painter, has retired from the Academy, and has inscribed his name on the list of honorary Academicians. The veteran artist, who is in his seventy-third year, has been forced by ill-health to leave the profession. Mr. Cope was elected A.R.A. nearly forty years ago, and, with the exception of Mr. Herbert, is the senior member of the Royal Academy. He was occupied for the greatest part of his early manhood in painting frescoes for Westminster Palace. Of late he has been very little before the public.

Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild, M.P., presided on Sunday at the Central Synagogue Chambers at a meeting held to collect funds for rebuilding the Jews' Free School in Bell-lane. The school, which has been in existence more than a century, and in its present form since 1817, now contains 2700 children, and is the largest public elementary school in England. It is also, as was stated at the meeting on the authority of Mr. Mundella and the inspectors of schools, extremely efficient. This result was ascribed by more than one speaker to the energy and skill of Mr. Angel, the head master, and to the committee. It was announced that £11,000 out of £20,000 required had been promised. Sir Moses Montefiore sent 100 guineas.

POSTAGE OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

AT HOME.

The postage within the United Kingdom, including the Channel Islands, is One Halfpenny.

ABROAD.

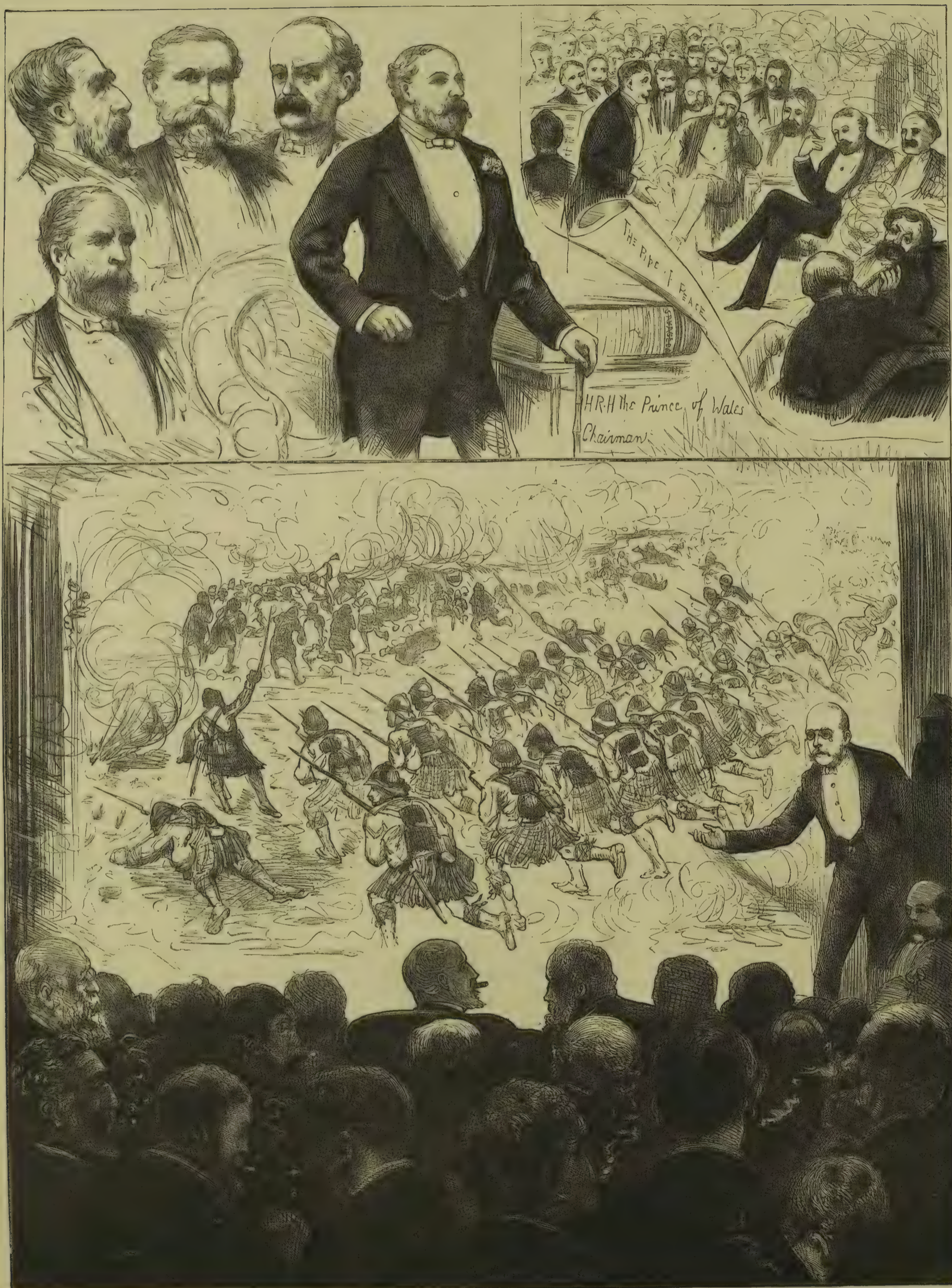
To places abroad the postage is Two pence, with the following exceptions:—To Aden, Borneo, Ceylon, India, Java, Labuan, Mozambique, Penang, Philippine Islands, Sarawak, Singapore, and Zanzibar, Three pence.

To Madagascar (except St. Mary), Four pence.

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Office: 198, Strand, W.C.



LECTURE ON THE EGYPTIAN WAR, BY MR. MELTON PRIOR BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE SAVAGE CLUB.

## PRIZE DESIGN FOR COURSING PLATE.

The Goldsmiths' Company of London, for the encouragement of technical education, more especially in the design and execution of works in the precious metals, last year offered a series of twenty-three prizes, each to the value of from £10 to £25, £35, or £70, for the best and second best works in different classes. There were two £70 prizes for models in plaster, or other suitable material, finished and ready for casting. One was for a ewer and dish, ornamented in relief with subjects from Coleridge's poem of the "Ancient Mariner." The other prize, which was won by Mr. W. White, of 33, Wellington-buildings, Chelsea Bridge-road, was awarded to him for the group of a "Man with Two Coursing Greyhounds," shown in our Illustration. The figure of the man was not to exceed 14 in. high. Mr. White's design was considered by the judges to be one of great merit. He also gained the first prize of £50, in the year 1881, for his model of "Herne the Hunter."

## THE BANNOCKBURN CHALLENGE SHIELD.

In the Townhall of Inverness, on the 8th of last month, in the presence of the Provost and Town Council, Major Gostwyck Gard, of the 91st Highlanders, and Adjutant of the Inverness Highland Rifle Volunteers, presented, on behalf of the subscribers, to Lord Lovat (the President) and the Council of the Highland Rifle Association, a trophy called the Bannockburn Challenge Shield, which is to be competed for annually at the Highland Rifle Association meetings at Inverness by company teams of the Volunteers of Scotland. Designed and carried to completion by the energy of Major Gostwyck Gard, and subscribed for by a number of the nobility and gentry of the country, this magnificent trophy is at once striking in design and highly artistic in workmanship. The Shield, which is of silver, is upwards of 24 inches in diameter, and is circular in form. As the name indicates, the subject chosen for illustration is the Battle of Bannockburn.

Round the margin of the shield are a series of representations of incidents in the battle, such as De Bohun's charge upon



PRIZE PLATE FOR A COURSING-MATCH.  
PRIZE DESIGN OF THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.



CHAIN PRESENTED TO THE MAYOR OF LEWES.

Bruce, the Abbot of Inchaffray blessing the troops, the turning charge of the day, and the field after the battle was lost. These four scenes are worked out in basso-relievo. The central design, in alto-relievo, is a remarkably fine example of repoussé work, depicting the English cavalry falling into the pits prepared for them by Bruce. The marginal compartments are separated from each other by four heads modelled in full relief, representing Bruce, Edward II., Douglas, and D'Argentine, worked out in a realistic style by Messrs. Marshall and Sons, goldsmiths, 87, George-street, Edinburgh. The shield is as bold in conception as its execution is skilful, refined, and effective. The whole is mounted upon a Knight Templar's shield in massive oak, surmounted by a heraldic helmet with two battle-axes on each side, and supported by three tilting lances, the whole standing about ten feet high.

## MODERN BIOGRAPHY.

The art practised by the biographer is one of the most delightful in literature; it is also one of the most difficult. If the life written be that of a man who flourished in a former century, what is chiefly needed is a full mastery of the facts which throw light upon it or may incidentally illustrate it; an insight into character, so that the man himself may be seen, as well as his outward actions; critical sagacity to separate what is trivial from what is of vital import; and, finally, the skill to produce a narrative that shall be luminous without being superficial, and comprehensive without being wordy. No one can write a biography well who has not such a share of imagination as will enable him to put himself into the position of his readers. It is possible his own knowledge may be too minute and exhaustive. His interest may be keener than the subject merits, and the value of the book will depend as much upon what he withholds as upon what he gives. "An author," says Dryden, "is not to write all he can, but only all he ought"—a remark which applies with especial significance to the biographer.

The honest record of a distinguished life must always be of interest to students of human nature. In hearing how great and good men have lived we learn to regulate our own lives. Their successful struggles give us courage, their sorrows give us patience, we feel less lonely in the world when we are thus brought into intercourse with heroic natures. The record of what they have done, how they fought, and how they conquered, is more potent for good than the most elaborate theory of virtue, or the most scientifically constructed essay on the problems of life and death. Biographies of comparatively insignificant persons are often written from motives of friendship. It does not follow that because a man has lived a useful life and gained affection and local reputation that his career should be unfolded in a biography. That worthy citizen, Mr. Jones, that self-denying Lady Bountiful, Mrs. Smith, may be the salt of the earth; but there is no reason why they should be made pillars of, like Lot's wife. What we want from the biographer is the history

of representative men, who have fought and died for their country, like Nelson; who have served her like Pitt and Burke; who have ennobled her, like Milton and Newton; who have worked for her social benefit, like Howard. What scope there is here for literary skill and for the exercise of moral as well as of intellectual qualities! The writer must extenuate nothing, neither must he set down aught in malice. He must do his hero full justice, while avoiding partiality; he must read his character by the light of the age in which he lived, and not by the light of ours; he must give a lifelike portrait instead of a mask, and all this he must do with such a sense of the attractiveness of his subject as to make his readers feel the attraction also. Depend upon it, if the biographer's work is perfunctory, it will gain no attention. He undertakes to record the history of a life, and how can that be done with a dead hand. And yet it is with this dead hand that half our English biographies have been written.



THE BANNOCKBURN CHALLENGE SHIELD,  
FOR THE HIGHLAND RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The specimens of bad writing in this department are innumerable; the good might almost be counted on one's fingers; the superlatively good on the fingers of one hand. Of late years biography has become a manufacture, and one popular author, who regards success in money-making as equivalent to success in literature, has written a number of "Lives" in a slovenly, off-hand way, which, to quote his own words, are "respectable, portly, squire-looking things, two vols. octavo, to the tune of eight hundred copies at thirty shillings." Unhappy is the fate of the illustrious men who, after being "neglected unaccountably," has his reputation placed under the charge of a book-maker, who boasts of being able to "polish off" a biography.

The writer who undertakes to describe the life of a man whom he has intimately known has many advantages, and some disadvantages. The value of personal intercourse is seen in Boswell's incomparable biography of Dr. Johnson, and in Lockhart's Walter Scott. More delightful books were never written, and their charm is due to the way in which the reader is brought, as it were, heart to heart with these distinguished men. The efforts of several more recent biographers have been exerted to produce a similar result, and sometimes, as in the lives of Arnold, Macaulay, Robertson, of Brighton, Charles Kingsley, and John Keble, with considerable success. We seem to hear the very words uttered by these men; to see their countenances, and to gain a familiar acquaintance with them. We gain this acquaintance, too, with Carlyle from the volumes published by Mr. Froude, but at too great a cost; and this remark applies with even stronger force to the life of Bishop Wilberforce. The neglect of due reserve is one of the evils of modern society. It betrays a want of sensitiveness and a want of sympathy. It is as foolish to put into print a man's loosest thoughts and idlest words as it is to disinter writings produced in youth which an author has himself condemned. Hasty judgments of character, or petty ebullitions of temper, or anecdotes that affect the happiness of persons still living ought not to be rashly given to a curious world. A biographer must tell the truth about a man, but he is not bound to tell every truth about him, for in doing so he runs the risk of presenting an unfaithful likeness.



MACE PRESENTED TO THE MAYOR OF LEWES.

Caroline Fox relates that old Lord Spencer thought it a crying modern sin to make biographies piquant and interesting by personalities unnecessary to them. No doubt he was right in his opinion. The result of keeping back nothing is not truth but scandal. Partly this is due to the haste of the age. "When a person of any notoriety dies," says Southey, "they lose as little time in making a book of him as they used to do in making a mummy." And these eager writers do not even wait till death, but publish biographies of living men, which is about as foolish an act as raising statues to their honour. For the future, every man whose name makes him known will do well to destroy, or carefully to examine, his letters and private memoranda when he makes his will, since the one act is as important as the other. The world may lose something by the process, but it will gain more by learning that it is unbecoming to expose a hero publicly, with all his imperfections on his head, for the amusement of the public. It is a hard lot for the hero whose great qualities are obscured by the glare of his imperfections, and still harder for those who were unfortunate enough to make his acquaintance and be gibbeted in his note-books. J. D.

## THE MUNICIPALITY OF LEWES.

A silver-gilt mace has been presented to the borough of Lewes, in Sussex, with a gold and enamel badge and chain to be worn by the Mayor. These handsome ornaments are the gift of Mr. W. Langham Christie, M.P. for the borough since 1874. Lewes is the county town of Sussex, has sent representatives to Parliament since the first meeting of the House of Commons in the reign of Henry III., and is full of historical associations and relics of the past. But its municipal corporation began in 1881, and the first Town Council was formed on Nov. 9, 1881, when the then High Constable, Mr. Wynne E. Baxter, was elected the first Mayor. The mace is very massive, and is a fine specimen of English workmanship. It has been designed and modelled by Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., and was manufactured by Messrs. Hancock and Co., the well-known art-silversmiths, of Bruton-street. The three bas-reliefs represent the Battle of Lewes, the Ruins of the Castle, and the Reading of the Charter on the Bridge at Lewes. On the three shields, which help to support the centre of the mace, are chased the arms of the donor, Mr. W. L. Christie, M.P., the arms of Lewes, and the arms of Mr. W. E. Baxter, the first Mayor. The chain and badge were designed and manufactured by the same firm.

A large wayside cross was erected last Saturday in the most romantic part of the glen leading from Haydon Bridge to Langley as a memorial to the last private owners of the surrounding property. It bears the following inscription:—"In memory of James and Charles, Viscounts Langley, Earls of Derwentwater, beheaded on Tower-hill, Feb. 24, 1716, and Dec. 8, 1746, for loyalty to their lawful Sovereign."

## THE PENNY READER.

It is quite curious to think that forty years ago "Penny Readings" did not exist. As one remembers all the enjoyments that Merry England has lost, since that glorious but gloomy Revolution—the Sunday game of bowls, the public festivities of guilds and corporations, goose fairs, toy fairs, and statute-fairs—remembering all these, it is really consoling to find that we have an amusement the more, and a social and sensible one, in which great and small meet pleasantly.

I believe that the original Penny Reader was a clergyman: I have indeed heard the invention ascribed to a kindly if unorthodox minister, still hard at work in a southern suburb of London. Anyhow, the clergy are the backbone of Penny Readings all over England: nor is there any type of churchman more clearly marked, nor more likeable, than the one who devotes himself to such doings. A simple soul he is, for the most part: a man little troubled, one would say, with heretical doubts and questionings; but an honest and hard worker at his noble parish duties, brought into constant contact with the bare realities of life, and—therefore, might not one say?—of an intellect with the high merit of clearness and directness; with a considerable self-reliance, too, tempered by some pretty rough handling at times. He is a man of sorrows, also: he cannot look only at the pretty side of things; and his pleasures gain from this a great reality. It is good to see the parson enjoying a comic reading—there is a school-boy ring about his laugh which has something affecting in its truth; and when he "penny-reads" himself, there is the greatest quaintness in his simple sense of fun. I shall never forget hearing a typical curate read a chapter of Mrs. Trimmer's story about the little robins. It was almost like audacity to read to an audience only partly made up of children such a monosyllabic romance; but his utter enjoyment of the fun, his reverent appreciation of the childish moral, carried it home, I am sure, to every decent heart in that room. One liked the man for his childishness—it was manly: indeed, given that he has had the luck to get a good wife, I do not know a worthier being than your "Penny Readings Parson."

And a simplicity like his own is to be found in his audience. The penny public has none, for example, of the affectation which pretends to hugely enjoy that which it does not understand. Try it with a song in German or Italian—be that song ever so good, and ever so well sung, it will not "go down." One even finds, in a very unsophisticated district, an outspoken amusement at conventionalities of art which more "cultured" audiences take perfectly for granted: I have seldom heard heartier laughter than that with which the people of a little Lincolnshire village greeted the elaborate "runs" at the end of "I know a bank." And, conversely, they never give themselves airs of superiority to anything: the commonest comic song, the most "Christy-minstrel" of sentimental ballads, is frankly enjoyed—indeed, the faintest flavouring of true art is too often considered rather a "dampener" in these simple entertainments.

Simplicity—one comes back to it as the characteristic of readings, readers, and read-to. It is, perhaps, most notably shown in the prodigious success of the expedient commonly resorted to at the end of a series of entertainments—on that

grand night when perhaps the charge for front seats rises as high as a shilling: the wily plan of appearing before your neighbours in a costume to which they are not used—in "dressing up," in fact, as a baker, or a policeman, even, perhaps, as an organ-grinder! To see Mr. Jokes of the Bank as a postman—what an unfailing delight! And how weird a pleasure when, for climax, the portly young ironmonger from the market-place appears in the dress of a housemaid—"Well!" there is no telling you what fun it is. The buzz through the audience, "It's Mr. Pipwell!"—when the fact is horribly patent, and yet has a kind of pretence of revelation in it—how fresh and pleasant it is, with its apparent vulgarity! Nay, the mere cocking the hat back, to indicate that the reader is going to represent Mr. Swiveller after an evening with "the rosy," is a touch of genius that thrills the house at once.

It were vain to deny that the Penny Reader has his funny side—that in trying to laugh with him one occasionally succeeds only in part, and the motive of that laugh becomes a little questionable. It does seem odd that very small gentlemen with no voices should wish to read the Charge of the Light Brigade—I mean to read it aloud (or as aloud as nature will let them) to an audience which, with all the good will in the world, cannot get up any enthusiasm for remarks which it cannot hear. Yet it is odd that a lady, about whose age even an overstrained courtesy can hardly be uncertain, should go out of her way to jeer at three pitiable "old maids of Lee," whose careers have apparently borne a considerable likeness to her own—except, perhaps, in the number of their early suitors!

Audiences, by-the-way, enjoy this particular song about the ladies of Lee, not so much from any native barbarity, as because it satisfies one of the most enduring of primitive instincts—it tells them a story. Almost at those first magic words, "There were once," all ears are pricked up with a keenness suggestive of remote canine ancestors. All the simple ballads of late years—nautical ones, many of them, about "Jacks" who returned, or were rewarded, or "yarned," or had pet powder-monkeys or midshipmites—these owe their popularity to some little dramatic story that they tell; and, by-the-way, that popularity would be quadrupled if the singers would only take the trouble to tell it better. What possible reason can there be for a ballad-singer to bury his nose in the music—or, which is almost worse, to make constant little dips at it, between every phrase of his "swallow flights of song"? It is not everyone who can conduct a symphony from memory, like Richter, but surely every human being who can sing a drawing-room song could get its words and its tune by heart in half an hour? And the advantage is so incalculable. Your head is erect, its bobblings do not distress the audience, they have a chance of hearing what you say, and they can see by your face whether you sympathise with the noble sentiments which you are pouring forth. Dear Penny Readers, do try the simple experiment of singing without music; you, as well as your hearers, will enjoy yourselves more than you do now.

Which, by-the-bye, is saying a good deal—for the Penny Reading certainly blesses him that gives at least as much as him that takes. It is not so much the performance itself, as the rehearsals. How you do flirt at them, all of you! There is a

kind of rollicking feeling of being in the "wings," or the green-room, or wherever those wicked actresses and actors rehearse—and the little excursion into Bohemia, personally conducted by the Church, has an astonishing fascination. Young men and maidens become friends in half an hour—even the barriers of rank, the distinction between the lower middle class and the grade above it (say the middle middle class) have been known to yield; and many a little matron, now sitting with the conscious superiority of a critic in the six-penny places, might have been still a solitary spinster if she had not a year or so ago (under the guidance of that fair young curate!) become a Penny Reader. E. R.

## PAYING HOSPITALS.

The wards known as St. Thomas's Home adapted for the reception of forty-one paying patients, male and female, have been opened and in working order for twenty-two months up to Dec. 31 last. During the first ten months 261 patients availed themselves of this novel opportunity. The result proved so beneficial, and was so highly appreciated by this class of patients, that the numbers for the year 1882 were increased to 371, and the daily average in the Home in 1882 in round numbers was thirty-five, as compared with twenty-three in 1881; showing a very considerable augmentation.

The first annual meeting of the Hampstead Home Hospital was held on Monday. Although recently opened, experience has shown the necessity of adding to the institution the adjoining building, and so provide accommodation for the three classes of patients which seek admission. Mr. Henry C. Burdett pointed out that the experience gained by the authorities of the Home Hospitals Association showed that if the general hospitals would open paying wards their financial difficulties would cease. Mr. W. B. Rowlands urged the desirability of raising £5000 to enable the council to extend the hospital; and it was resolved that steps should be taken to raise this sum.

The new scheme of the Charity Commissioners for administering the affairs of Newbury Grammar School, having received the Queen's sanction, was sent to the trustees last Saturday. Among the changes under the new scheme, which will be carried out by a body of governors, with Lord Carnarvon at their head, is the abolition of the whole mode of electing free scholars by the votes of the trustees, and the substitution of scholarships to be gained through competitive examinations.

The usual arriving steamers at Liverpool during the past week with live stock on board from the United States and Canada report having experienced the heavy weather which has lately prevailed, as a consequence, some mortality among cattle and sheep during the voyage to the Mersey is reported, especially with regard to sheep. The total shipments for the week were 997 cattle and 2436 sheep, and out of that number 183 cattle and 657 sheep are said to have been lost, including those lost by the overdue steamer Quebec, through the weather and for want of food. The supply of fresh meat from the above ports last week was as follows:—6520 quarters of beef and 1235 carcasses of mutton, being a slight decrease on the previous week.

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"I know what Mrs. Bell will call her; she will say, 'She is a bunny doo, that.'"

## YOLANDE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### A CHAT IN THE DESERT.



"ARCHIE," said his sister, on one occasion, in rather a significant tone, "you will have some trouble with papa."

They were on their way to visit a convent some few miles inland; and the only thing that varied the monotony of the journey was the occasional stumbling of the wretched animals they rode. He glanced round, to see that the others were far enough off; then he said, either carelessly or with an affectation of carelessness:

"I dare say. Oh, yes, I have no doubt of it. But there would have been a row in any case; so it does not matter much. If I had brought home the daughter of an archangel, he would have growled and grumbled. He gave you a pretty warm time of it, Polly,

before he let you marry Graham."

And then he said, with more vehemence:

"Hang it all, my father doesn't understand the condition of things nowadays! The peerage isn't sacred any longer; you can't expect people to keep on intermarrying and intermarrying, just to please Burke. We can show a pretty good list, you know; and I wouldn't add any name to it that would disgrace it; but that craze of my father's is all nonsense. Why, the only place nowadays where a lord is worshipped and glorified is the United States; that's where I should have gone if I had wanted to marry for money; I daresay they would have found out that sooner or later I should succeed to a peerage. Of course, my father is treated with great respect when he goes to attend meetings at Inverness; and the keepers and gillies think he is the greatest man in the kingdom; but what would he be in London? Why, there you find governing England a commoner, whose family made their money in business; and under him—and glad enough to take office, too—noblemen whose names are as old as the history of England!"

His sister interrupted him. "My dear Master," said she, "please remember that because a girl is pretty her father's politics are not necessarily right. If you have imbibed those frightful sentiments from Mr. Winterbourne, for goodness' sake, say nothing about them at the Towers. The matter will be difficult enough without that. You see, with anybody else, it might be practicable to shelve politics; but Mr. Winterbourne's views and opinions are too widely known. And you will have quite enough difficulty in getting papa to receive Mr. Winterbourne with decent civility, without your talking any wild Radicalism in that way."

"Radicalism?" said he. "It is not Radicalism. It is common-sense, which is just the reverse of Radicalism. However, what I have resolved on is this, Polly: his lordship shall remain in complete ignorance of the whole affair until Yolande goes to Allt-nam-ba. Then he will see her. That ought to do something to smooth the way? There is another thing, too. Winterbourne has taken Allt-nam-ba; and my father ought to be well disposed to him on that account alone."

"Because a gentleman rents a shooting from you for one year?"

"But why one year?" he interposed, quickly. "Why shouldn't Winterbourne take a lease of it? He can well afford it. And with Yolande living up there, of course he would like to come and see her sometimes; and Allt-nam-ba is just the place for a man to bring a bachelor friend or two with him from London. He can well afford it. It is his only amusement. It would be a good arrangement for me, too; for I could lend him a hand—and the moor wants hard shooting, else we shall be having the disease back again some fine day. Then we should continue to let the forest."

"And where are you and Yolande going to live, then?" said his sister, regarding him with a curious look. "Are you going to install her as mistress of the Towers?"

"Take her to Lynn!" he said, with a scornful laugh. "Yes, I should think so! Cage her up with that old cat, indeed!"

"She is my aunt as well as yours, and I will not have her spoken of like that," said Mrs. Graham, sharply.

"She is my aunt," said this young man. "And she is yours; and she is an old cat as well. Never mind, Polly. You will see such things at Lynn as your small head never dreamed of. The place has just been starved for want of money. You must see that when you think of Inverstry: look how well everything is done there. And then, when you consider how we have been working to pay off scores run up by other people—that seems rather hard, doesn't it?"

"I don't think so—I don't think so at all!" his sister said, promptly. "Our family may have made mistakes in politics; but that was better than always truckling to the winning side. We have nothing to be ashamed of. And you ought to be very glad that so much of the land remains ours!"

"Well, you will see what can be made of it," her brother said, confidently. "I don't regret now the long struggle to

keep the place together; and once we get back to Corrievreck, we'll have the watershed for the march again."

His face brightened up at this prospect.

"That will be something, Polly?" he said, gaily. "What a view there is from the tops all along that march! You've got the whole of Inverness-shire spread out around you like a map. I think it was £8000 my grandfather got for Corrievreck; but I suppose Sir John will want £15,000. I know he is ready to part with it, for it is of little use to him; it does not lie well with his forest. But if we had it back—and with the sheep taken off Allt-nam-ba!"

"Jim says you ought to make Corrievreck the sanctuary," his sister remarked; and, indeed, she seemed quite as much interested as he in these joyful forecasts.

"Why, of course. There couldn't be a better!"

"And I was saying that if you planted the Rushen slopes, and built a good large comfortable lodge there, you would get a far better rent for the forest. You know, it isn't like the old days, Archie. The people who come from the south now come because it is the fashion; and they must have a fine house for their friends!"

"Yes, and hot luncheons sent up the hill—with champagne glasses and table-napkins!" said he. "No more biscuits and a flask to last you from morning till night. The next thing will be a portable dining-table, that can be taken up into one of the corries; and then they will have finger-glasses, I suppose, after lunch. No matter. For there is another thing, my sweet Mrs. Graham, that perhaps you have not considered: it may come to pass that, as time goes on, we may not have to let the forest at all. That would be much better than being indebted to your tenant for a day's stalking in your own forest."

And then it seemed to strike him that all this planning and arranging—on the basis of Yolande's fortune—sounded just a little bit mercenary.

"To hear us talking like this," said he, with a laugh, "anyone would imagine that I was marrying in order to improve the Lynn estate. Well, we haven't quite come to that yet, I hope. If it were merely a question of money, I could have gone to America, as I said. That would have been the market for the only kind of goods I've got to sell. No. I don't think anyone can bring that against me."

"I, for one, would not think of accusing you of any such thing," said his sister, warmly. "I hope you would have more pride. Jim was poor enough when I married him."

"Now, if I were marrying for money," said he—and he seemed eager to rebut this charge—"I would have no scruples at all about asking Yolande to go and live at Lynn. Of course it would be a very economical arrangement. But would I? I should think not. I wouldn't have her shut up there for anything. But I hope she will like the house, as a visitor, and get on well with my father and my aunt. Don't you think she will produce a good impression? What I hope for most of all is that Jack Melville may take a fancy to her. That would settle it in a minute, you know. Whatever Melville

approves, that is right—at the Towers, or anywhere else. It's his cheek, you know. He believes in himself; and everybody else believes in him. It isn't only at Gress that he is the dominie. 'He is a scholar and a gentleman'—that is my beloved auntie's pet phrase, as if his going to Oxford on the strength of the Ferguson scholarship made him an authority on the right construction of a salmon-ladder."

"Is that the way you speak of your friends behind their back?"

"Well, he jumps upon me considerable," said he, frankly; "and I may as well take it out of him, when he is at Gress, and I am in Egypt. No matter. If he takes a fancy to Yolande, it will be all right. That is how they do with cigars and wines in London—specially selected and approved by Messrs. So-and-so." It is a guarantee of genuine quality. And so it will be 'Yolande Winterbourne, approved by Jack Melville, of Monaglen, and forwarded on to Lynn Towers.'"

"If that is all, that can be easily managed," said his sister, cheerfully. "When she is with us at Inverstry, we will take her over to call on Mrs. Bell."

"I know what Mrs. Bell will call her—I know the very phrase: she will say, 'She is a bonnie doo, that.' The old lady is rather proud of the Scotch she picked up in the south."

"She ought to be prouder of the plunder she picked up further south still. She 'drew up wi' glaiket Englishers at Carlisle-ha' to some purpose."

"Yes; and Jack Melville will have every penny of it; and a good solid nest-egg it must be by this time. I am certain the old lady has an eye on Monaglen. What an odd thing it would be if Melville were to have Monaglen handed over to him just as we were getting back Corrieveak! I think there are some curious changes in store in that part of the world."

At this point Mrs. Graham pulled up her sorry steed, and waited until the rest of the cavalcade came along.

"Yolande, dear," said she, in a tone of remonstrance, "why don't you come on in front, and get less of the dust?"

Yolande did as she was bid.

"I have been so much interested," said she, brightly. "What a chance it is, to learn about Afghanistan and Russia—from one who knows, as Colonel Graham does. You read and read in Parliament; but they all contradict each other. And Colonel Graham is quite of my papa's opinion."

"Well, now, the stupidity of it!" said pretty Mrs. Graham, with an affected petulance. "You people have been talking away about Afghanistan, and Archie and I have been talking away about the Highlands—in the African desert. What is the use of it? We ought to talk about what is around us."

"I propose," said the Master of Lynn, "that Yolande gives us a lecture on the antiquities of Karnac."

"Do you know, then, that I could?" said she. "But not this Karnac. No; the one in Brittany. I lived near it at Auray, for a long time, before I was taken to the Château."

"My dear Yolande," exclaimed Mrs. Graham, "if you will tell us about yourself, and your early life, and all that, we will pack off all the mummies and tombs and pillars that ever existed!"

"But there is no story at all, except a sad one," said the girl. "My uncle was a French gentleman—ah, so kind he was!—and one day in the winter he was shot in the woods when he and the other gentlemen were out. Oh, it must have been terrible when they brought him home—not quite dead; but they did not tell me; and perhaps I was too young to experience all the misery. But it killed my aunt, who had taken me away from England when my mother died. She would not see any one; she shut herself up; then one morning she was found dead; and then they sent for my father, and he took me to the ladies at the Château. That is all. Perhaps, if I had been older, I should have understood it more, and been more grieved; but now, when I look back at Auray and our living there, I think mostly of the long drives with my aunt, when my uncle was away at the chase, and often and often we drove along the peninsula of Quiberon, which not every one visits. And was it a challenge, then," she added, in a brighter way, "about a lecture on Karnac? Oh, I can give you one very easily. For I have read all the books about it; and I can give you all the theories about it, each of which is perfectly self-evident, and all of them quite contradictory. Shall I begin? It was a challenge."

"No, Yolande, I would far rather hear your own theory," said he, gallantly.

"Mine? I have not the vanity," she said, lightly. "But this is what all the writers do not know—that, besides the long rows of stones in the open plains—oh, hundreds and thousands, so thick that all the farm-houses and the stone walls have been built of them—besides these, all through the woods, wherever you go, you come upon separate dolmens, sometimes almost covered over. My aunt and I used to stop the carriage, and go wandering through the woods in search; and always we thought these were the graves of pious people who wished to be buried in a sacred place—near where the priests were sacrificing in the plain—and perhaps that their friends had brought their bodies from some distant land!"

"Just as the Irish Kings were carried to Iona to be buried," said the Master.

"But, Yolande, dear," said Mrs. Graham, who was more interested in the story of Yolande's youth than in Celtic monuments, "how did you come to keep up your English, since you have lived all your life in France?"

"But my aunt spoke English, naturally," said she. "Then at the Château one of the ladies also spoke it—oh, I assure you, there was no European language she did not speak. Nor any country she did not know, for she had been travelling companion to a noble lady. And always her belief was that you must learn Latin as the first key."

"Then did you learn Latin, Yolande?" the Master of Lynn inquired, with some vague impression that the question was jocular, for Yolande had not revealed any traces of erudition.

"If you will examine me in Virgil, I think I shall pass," said she; "but in Horace—not at all! It is distressing the way he twists the meaning about the little short lines, and hides it away; I never had patience enough for him. Ah, there is one who does not hide his meaning—there is one who can write the line that goes straight and sounding and majestic. You have not to puzzle over the meaning when it is Victor Hugo who recounts to you the story of *Ruy Blas*, of *Cromwell*, of *Angelo*, of *Hernani*. That is not the poetry that is made with needles!"

Mrs. Graham was scarcely prepared for this declaration of faith.

"My dear Yolande," said she, cautiously, "Victor Hugo's dramas are very fine; but I would not call them meat for babes. At the Château, now?"

"Oh, they were strictly forbidden," she said, frankly. "Madame would have stormed if she had known. But we read them all the same. Why not? What is the harm? Everyone knows that there is crime and wrong in the world; why should one shut one's eyes?—that is folly. Is it not better to be indignant that there should be such crime and wrong? If there is anyone who takes harm from such writing, he must be a strange person."

"At all events, Yolande," said he, "I hope you don't think that all Kings are scoundrels and all convicts angels of light? Victor Hugo is all very well, and he thunders along in fine style; but don't you think he comes awfully near being ridiculous? He hasn't much notion of a joke, has he? Don't you think he is rather too portentously solemn?"

Well, this inquiry into Yolande's opinions and experiences—which was intensely interesting to him, and naturally so—was eliciting some odd revelations; for it now appeared that she had arrived at the conclusion that the French, as a nation, were a serious and sombre people.

"Do you not think so?" she said, with wide eyes. "Oh, I have found them so grave. The poor people in the fields, when you speak to them and they answer, it is always with a sigh; they look sad and tired; the care of work lies heavily on them. And at the Château, also, everything was so serious and formal; and when we paid visits, there was none of the freedom, the amusement, the good humour of the English house. Sometimes, indeed, at Oatlands, at Weybridge, and once or twice in London, when my papa has taken me to visit, I have thought the mamma a little blunt in her frankness—in the expectation you would find yourself at home without any trouble on her part; but the daughters—oh, they were always very kind, and then so full of interest, about boating, or tennis, or something like that—always so full of spirits, and cheerful—no, it was not in the least like a visit to a French family. In France, how many years is it before you become friends with a neighbour? In England, if you are among nice people, it is—to-morrow! You, dear Mrs. Graham, when you came to Oatlands, what did you know about me? Nothing."

"Bless the child, had I not my eyes?" Mrs. Graham exclaimed.

"But before two or three days you were calling me by my Christian name."

"Indeed I did," said Mrs. Graham, "if it is a Christian name, which I doubt. But this I may suggest to you, my dear Yolande, that you don't pay me a compliment, after the friendship you speak of, and the relationship we are all hoping for, in calling me by my married name. The name of Polly is not very romantic."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Graham, I couldn't!" said Yolande, almost in affright.

"Of course not," said the pretty young matron, with one of her most charming smiles. "Of course you couldn't be guilty of such familiarity with one of my advanced age. But I suppose Jim is right. I am getting old. Only he doesn't seem to consider that a reason for treating me with any increasing respect."

"I am sure I never thought of such a thing!" Yolande protested, almost in a voice of entreaty. "How could you imagine it!"

"Very well. But if you consider that 'Polly' is not in accordance with my age, or my serious character as a mother and a wife, there is a compromise in 'Mary,' which, indeed, was my proper name until I fell into the hands of men. I used always to be called Mary, until Archie and Jim began with their impertinence. And when we are in the Highlands together, you know, and you are staying with us at Inverstry, or we are visiting you at Allt-nam-ba, or when we are all together at the Towers, whatever would the people think if they heard you call me 'Mrs. Graham'? They would think we had quarrelled."

"Then you are to be my sister Mary?" said Yolande, placidly; but the Master of Lynn flushed with pleasure when he heard that phrase.

"And I will be your champion and protectress when you come into our savage wilds in a way you can't dream of," continued pretty Mrs. Graham. "You don't know how we stand by each other in the Highlands. We stand up for our own; and you will be one of us in good time. And you haven't the least idea what a desperate person I am when my temper is up—though Jim would tell you he knows. Well, now, I suppose that is the convent over there, behind those palms; and we have been chattering the whole way about the Highlands, and Victor Hugo, and I don't know what; and I haven't the least idea what we are going to see or what we have to do."

But here the dragoman came up to assume the leadership of the party; and the Master of Lynn allowed himself to be eclipsed. He was not sorry. He was interested far less in the things around him than in the glimpses he had just got of Yolande's earlier years; and he was trying to place these one after another, to make a connected picture of her life up till the time that this journey brought him and her together. Could anything be more preoccupying than this study of the companion who was to be with him through all the long future time? And already she was related to him; she had chosen his sister to be hers.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A PHRASE.

But these idle wanderings of theirs in Upper Egypt were destined to come to a sudden end. One evening they were coming down the river, and were about to pass Merhadj, when they saw young Ismat Effendi putting off in another boat, evidently with the intention of intercepting them. They immediately ordered their boat to be pulled in to the shore; and as Ismat said he wanted to say something to them, they stepped on board his father's dahabeeah, and went into the saloon, for the sake of coolness.

Then the bright-faced young Egyptian, who seemed at once excited and embarrassed, told them, in his fluent and oddly-phrased English, that he was much alarmed; and that his alarm was not on account of any danger that might happen to them, but was the fear that they might think him discourteous and inhospitable.

"Who could think that!" said pretty Mrs. Graham, in her sweetest way.

"Of course not. What's the matter?" said her husband, more bluntly.

Then young Ismat proceeded to explain that the latest news from the capital was not satisfactory; that many Europeans were leaving the country; that the reports in the journals were very contradictory; and that, in short, no one seemed to know what might not happen. And then he went on to implore them, if he suggested that they ought to return to Cairo, and satisfy themselves of their safety, by going to the English Consulate there, not to imagine that he wished them to shorten their visit, or that his father desired to dispossess them of the dahabeeah. "How could that be," he said, quite anxiously, "when here was another dahabeeah lying idle? No; the other dahabeeah was wholly at their service, for as long as they chose; and it would be a great honour to his father, and the highest happiness to himself, if they were to remain at Merhadj for the longest period they could command; but was he not bound, especially when there were two ladies with them, to let them know what he had heard, and give them counsel?"

"My dear fellow, we understand perfectly," said Colonel Graham, with his accustomed good humour. "And much

obliged for the hint. Fact is, I think we ought to get back to Cairo in any case; for those women-folk want to have a turn at the bazaars, and by the time they have half ruined us, we shall just be able to get along to Suez, to catch the Ganges."

"We must have plenty of time in Cairo," said Mrs. Graham, emphatically.

"Oh, yes," said he. "Never mind the danger. Let them buy silver necklaces, and they won't heed anything else. Very well, Mr. Ismat, come along with us now and have some dinner, and we can talk things over. We shall just be in time."

"May I?" said the young Egyptian to Mrs. Graham. "I am not intruding?"

"We shall be delighted if you will come with us," said she, with one of her most gracious smiles.

"It will not be pleasant for me when you go," said he. "There is not much society here."

"Nor will you find much society when you come to see us at Inverstry, Mr. Ismat," she answered. "But we will make up for that by giving you a true Highland welcome: shall we not, Yolande, dear?"

Yolande was not in the least embarrassed. She had quite grown accustomed to consider the Highlands as her future home.

"I hope so," she said, simply. "We are not likely to forget the kindness Mr. Ismat has shown to us."

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" said he.

Now this resolve to go back to Cairo, and to get along from thence in time to catch the P. and O. steamer Ganges at Suez, was hailed with satisfaction by each member of the little party, though for very different reasons. Mr. Winterbourne was anxious to be at St. Stephens' before the Budget; and he could look forward to giving uninterrupted attention to his Parliamentary duties, for Yolande was going on to Inverstry with the Grahams. Yolande herself was glad to think that soon she would be installed as house-mistress at Allt-nam-ba; she had all her lists ready for the shops at Inverness; and she wanted time to have the servants tested before her father's arrival. Mrs. Graham, of course, lived in the one blissful hope of seeing Baby again; while her husband was beginning to think that a little salmon-fishing would be an excellent thing. But the reason the Master of Lynn had for welcoming this decision was much more occult.

"Polly," he had said to his sister on the previous day, "do you know, your friend Miss Yolande?"

"My friend!" she said, staring at him.

"She seems more intimate with you than with anyone else, at all events," said he. "Well, I was going to say that she takes things pretty coolly."

"I don't understand you."

"I say she takes things very coolly," he repeated. "No one would imagine she was engaged at all."

"Are you complaining of her, already?"

"I am not complaining. I am stating a fact."

"What is wrong, then? Do you want her to go about proclaiming her engagement? Why, she can't. You haven't given her an engagement-ring yet. Give her her engagement-ring first, and then she can go about and show it."

"Oh, you know very well what I mean. You know that no one cares less about sentimentality and that sort of thing than I do; I don't believe in it much; but still—she is just a trifle too business-like. She seems to say 'Did I promise to marry? Oh, very well; all right, when the time comes. Call again to-morrow.' Of course my idea would not be to have a languishing love-sick maiden always lolling at your elbow; but her absolute carelessness and indifference."

"Oh, Archie, how can you say such a thing! She is most friendly with you."

"Friendly! Yes; so she is with Graham. Is it the way they bring up girls in France?—to have precisely the same amount of friendliness for everybody—lovers, husbands, or even other people's husbands. It is convenient, certainly; but things might get mixed."

"I wonder to hear you," said Mrs. Graham, indignantly. "You don't deserve your good fortune. The fact is, Yolande Winterbourne happens to have very good health and spirits, and she is naturally light-hearted; whereas you would like to have her sombre and mysterious, I suppose; or perhaps it is the excitement of lover's quarrels that you want. Is that it? Do you want to be quarrelling and making up again all day long? Well, to tell you the truth, Archie, you haven't hit on the right sort of girl. Now, *Shena Van* would have suited you; she has a temper that would have given you amusement."

"Leave Miss Stewart alone!" he said, roughly. "I wish there were many women in the world like her: if there are, I haven't met them."

"Yolande is too good for you."

"So she seems to think, at all events."

"Why don't you go and quarrel with her, then? What is the use of coming and talking over the matter with me?"

"With her? It wouldn't interest her. She would rather talk about the price of coals, or the chances of the Irish getting Home Rule—anything but what ought to be the most important event in her life."

"Archie," said his sister, who did not attach too much seriousness to these temporary moods of disappointment, "if papa finds out that Mr. Winterbourne is half inclined, and more than half inclined, to favour Home Rule, he will go out of his senses."

"Let him go out of his senses," said her brother, with deliberate indifference. "I suppose the worst that could happen would be the breaking off of the match."

But this possibility, involving the destruction of all her beautiful plans and dreams of the future, instantly awoke her alarm; and her protest was emphatic.

"Archie," said she, regarding him sternly, "I beg you to remember that you are expected to act as a gentleman."

"I don't know what you mean," he said.

"I will tell you, plain enough. You have asked this girl to be your wife; she has accepted you; your engagement has been made known; and I say this that if you were to throw her over—I don't care for what reason—you would stamp yourself as a coward. Is that plain? A girl may be allowed to change her mind—at least, she sometimes does; and there is not much said against her; but the man who engages himself to a girl, and allows the engagement to be known and talked about, and then throws her over, I say is a coward, neither more nor less. And I don't believe it of you. I don't believe you would allow papa or any one else to interfere, now the thing is settled. The Leslies are not made of stuff like that."

"That is all very well"—he was going to urge; but the impetuous little woman would have her say.

"What is more, I honour her highly for her reserve. There is nothing more disgusting than to see young people dawdling and fondling in the presence of others. You don't want to be Jock and Jenny going to the fair, do you?"

"Look here, Demosthenes," he said, calmly. "You are as good as anyone I know at drawing a herring across the scent; but you are perfectly aware all the time of what I mean."

This somewhat disconcerted her

"Well, I am—in a way," she said; and her tone was now rather one of appeal. "But don't you see what life on board this boat is? It is all in the open. You cannot expect any girl to be confidential when you have scarcely ever a chance of talking to her by herself. You must make allowances, Archie. I do know what you mean; but—but I don't think you are right; and I, for one, am very glad to see her so light-hearted. You may depend on it, she hasn't sacrificed anyone else in order to accept you. Her cheerfulness promises very well for the future—that is my idea of it; it shows that she is not thinking of somebody else, as girls sometimes do, even after they are engaged. Of course it isn't the girl's place to declare her sentiments; and it does happen sometimes that there is some one they would rather have had speak; and, of course, there is an occasional backward glance, even after marriage. In Yolande's case, I don't think there is. One cannot be certain; but I don't think there is. And why should you be disappointed because she does not too openly show her preference? Of course she can't—in this sort of life. But you will have the whole field to yourself. You have no rival; and she has a quickly grateful nature. You will have her all to yourself in the Highlands. Here she is waiting on her father half the time, and the other half Jim is making fun with her. At Inverstry it will be quite different."

"Well, perhaps. I hope so," said he.

"Of course it will! You will have her all to yourself. Jim will be away at his fences and his pheasant-coops; and I shall have plenty to do in the house. And if you want her to quarrel with you, I dare say she will oblige you. Most girls can manage that. But the first thing to be done, Archie—in sober seriousness—is to buy a very nice engagement-ring for her at Cairo; and that will be always reminding her. And I do hope it will be a nice one, a very handsome one indeed. You ought not to consider expense on such an occasion. If you haven't quite enough money with you, Jim will lend you some. It is certainly odd that she should have no family jewellery; but it is all the greater opportunity for you to give her something very pretty; and you ought to show the Winterbournes, for your own sake, and for the sake of our family, that you can do the thing handsomely."

He laughed.

"To hear you, Polly, one would think you were an old woman—a thorough old schemer. And yet how long is it since your chief delight in life used to be to go tomabogging down the face of Bendyerg?"

"I have learnt a little common-sense since then," said pretty Mrs. Graham, with a demure smile.

Well, he did buy a very handsome ring for her when they got to Cairo; and Yolande was greatly pleased with it, and said something very kind and pretty to him. Moreover, there was a good deal of buying going on. The gentlemen at the Consulate had expressed the belief that they were in no immediate danger of having their throats cut; and they set to work to ransack the bazaars with a right good will. Nor was there any concealment of the intent of most of those purchases. Of course they bought trinkets and bric-à-brac, mostly for presentation to their friends; and Mr. Winterbourne insisted on Mrs. Graham accepting from him a costly piece of Syrian embroidery on which she had set longing eyes during their previous visit. But the great mass of their purchases—at least of Mr. Winterbourne's purchases—was clearly and obviously meant for the decoration of Yolande's future home. Under Mrs. Graham's guidance, he bought all sorts of silk stuffs, embroideries, and draperies. He had a huge case packed with hand-graven brass-work—squat, quaint candlesticks, large shields, cups, trays, and what not; and once, when, in an old curiosity shop, and Yolande happening to be standing outside, Mrs. Graham ventured to remonstrate with him about the cost of some Rhodian dishes he had just said he would take, he answered her thus:—

"My dear Mrs. Graham, when in Egypt we must do as the Egyptians do. Don't you remember the bride who came down to the river, bringing with her her bales of carpets and her drove of donkeys? Yolande must have her plenishing—that is a good Scotch word, is it not?"

"But I should think she must have about a dozen of those sheikhs' head-dresses already," said pretty Mrs. Graham. "And we don't really have so many fancy-dress balls in Inverness. Besides, she could not go as a sheikh."

"Fancy-dress balls? Oh, no; nothing of the kind. They will do for a dozen things in a room—to be pitched on to sofas—or on the backs of chairs—merely patches of fine colour."

"And that," said she, with a smile, looking at an antique Persian dagger, with an exquisitely carved handle and elaborately inlaid sheath. "Of what use will that be in the Highlands?"

"My dear Madam," said he, with a perfectly grave face. "I have not listened to your husband and your brother for nothing. Is it not necessary to have something with which to gralloch a wounded stag?"

"To gralloch a stag with a beautiful thing like that!" she exclaimed in horror.

"And if it is too good for that, cannot Yolande use it as a paper-knife? You don't mean to say that when you and your husband came home from India, you brought back no curiosities with you?"

"Of course we did; and long before that Jim had a whole lot of things from the Summer Palace at Pekin; but then, we are old people. These things are too expensive for young people just beginning."

"The bride must have her plenishing," said he, briefly; and then he began to bargain for a number of exceedingly beautiful Damascus tiles, which, he thought, would just about be sufficient for the construction of a fire-place.

Nor were these people the least bit ashamed when, some days after this, they managed to smuggle their valuable cases on board the homeward-bound steamer, without paying the Customs' dues. Mr. Winterbourne declared that a nation which was so financially mad as to levy an 8 per cent *ad valorem* duty on exports—or rather that a nation which was so mad as to tax exports at all—ought not to be encouraged in its lunacy; and he further consoled his conscience by reflecting that, so far from his party having spoiled the Egyptians, it was doubtless all the other way; and that probably some £60 or £70 of English money had been left in the Cairene bazaars, which had no right to be there. However, he was content. The things were such things as he had wanted; he had got them as cheaply as seemed possible; he would have paid more for them had it been necessary. For, he said to himself, even the rooms of a Highland shooting-box might be made more picturesque and interesting by these art-relics of other and former civilisations. He did not know what kind of home the Master of Lynn was likely to provide for his bride; but good colours and good materials were appropriate anywhere; and even if Yolande and her husband were to succeed to the possession of Lynn Towers, and even if the rooms there (as he had heard was the case at Balmoral) were decorated exclusively in Highland fashion, surely they could set aside some chamber for the reception of those draperies, and potteries, and tiles, and what not, that would remind Yolande of her visit to the East. The bride must have her plenishing, he said to himself again and again. But they bought no

jewellery, of a good kind, in Cairo; Mr. Winterbourne said he would rather trust Bond-street wares.

And at last the big steamer slowly sailed away from the land; and they had begun their homeward voyage. Mrs. Graham and her husband were on the hurricane-deck; she was leaning with both arms on the rail.

"Good-bye, Egypt," said she, as she regarded the pale yellow country under the pale turquoise sky. "You have been very kind to me. You have made me a most charming present to take back with me to the Highlands."

"What, then?" said her husband.

"A sister."

"She isn't your sister yet," he said, gruffly.

"She is; and she will be," she answered, confidently. "Do you know, Jim, I had my hopes and wishes all the way out; but I could never be sure; for Archie is not easily caught. And I don't think she distinguished him much from the others on the voyage here; except in so far as he was one of our party. Sometimes I gave it up, to tell you the truth. And then again it seemed so desirable in every way; for I had got to like the girl myself; and I could see that Archie would be safe with her; and I could see very well, too, that Mr. Winterbourne had his eyes open; and that he seemed very well disposed towards it."

"You must have been watching everybody like a cat," her husband said, in not too complimentary fashion.

"Can you wonder that I was interested?" she said, in protest. "Just fancy what it would be for us if he had brought some horrid insufferable creature to Lynn! I wouldn't have gone near the place; and we have little enough society as it is. But that life on the Nile did it; and I knew it would, the moment the dahabeah had started away from Asyout—being all by ourselves like that, and he paying her little attentions all day long. He couldn't help doing that, could he?—it wouldn't have been civil. And I foresaw what the end would be; and I am very glad of it; and quite grateful to Egypt and the Nile, despite all the flies and the mosquitoes."

"I dare say it will turn out all right," her husband said, indifferently.

"Well, you don't seem very delighted," she exclaimed. "Is that all you have to say? Don't you think it is a very good thing?"

"Well, yes, I do think it is a good thing. I have no doubt they will get on very well together. And in other respects the match will be an advantageous one."

"That is rather cold approval," said she, somewhat disappointed.

"Oh, no, it isn't," said he, and he turned from looking at the retreating land and regarded her. "I say I don't think he could have chosen better; and I believe they will be happy enough; and they ought to be comfortable and well off. Isn't that sufficient? He seems fond of her; I think they will lead a very comfortable life. What more?"

"But there is something behind what you say, Jim; I know there is," she said.

"And if there is, it is nothing very serious," said he; and then he added, with a curious sort of smile: "I tell you I think it will come out all right; I am sure it will. But you can't deny this, Polly—well, I don't know how to put it. I may be mistaken. I haven't as sharp eyes as yours. But I have a fancy that this marriage, though I have no doubt it will be a happy enough one, will be, on her side at least—" "What, then?" said his wife, peremptorily.

"I don't quite know whether the French have a phrase for it," said he, evasively, but still with the same odd smile on his face. "Probably they have; they ought to have, at least. At any rate, I have a kind of fancy—now it's nothing very terrible—I say I have a dim kind of fancy that on her side the marriage will be something that might be called a *mariage de complaisance*. Oh, you needn't go away in a temper. There have been worse marriages than a *mariage de complaisance*."

(To be continued.)

## H. K. BROWNE ("PHIZ") AT LIVERPOOL.

We have already announced the opening at the Liverpool Art Club of an exhibition of the works of the late Hablot K. Browne, so long and so well esteemed as "Phiz." The collection affords a surprise—to those who only knew Mr. Browne as an illustrator—in the number of sketches or more finished paintings in oil or water colours that it contains. His knowledge of, and power of representing the horse in motion appear in numerous examples; whilst the number of sturdy urchins and chubby babies show his sympathy for, and the close study he bestowed on iliputian humanity. The subjects of our illustrations are among the most prominent in the exhibition. In "Come here, Sir" (3), the preternatural seriousness of the youngster is accounted for by the shadow of the birch on the wall, and plainly suggests that the invitation would, if possible, be declined with thanks. "The Squire's Pony" (2) is an instance of Browne's great skill in composition—of which there are so many others in his illustrations of Dickens, Lever, &c. The groups 1 and 8 belong to a series illustrative of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," and are noteworthy for the "go" and life in both horse and man. The "Captain Cuttle and Old Joo" (6), and "Polly" (7), were published, as some of our readers may recollect, during the progress of "Dombey and Son," as a private venture—the originals being spirited, yet carefully executed etchings. Encouraged by the success of this series, he afterwards published similar supplements to "Barnaby Rudge" and "The Old Curiosity Shop." Of Dolly Varden, from the latter, a pencil study appears at Liverpool, and her girlish loveliness is charming. "To Market, to Market with a Fat Pig" (4) is a sample of that love for humble English subjects which has endeared Phiz to so many of his countrymen. Among other noticeable works in the exhibition are several chalk drawings of Irish subjects, made during a visit to Ireland in company with Lever. They are probably the best sketches Browne ever made.

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## ROYAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

### ASTRONOMICAL MEASUREMENT.

Professor Robert S. Ball, LL.D., F.R.S., Royal Astronomer of Ireland, began a course of four lectures on the Supreme Discoveries in Astronomy on Tuesday, Feb. 20, illustrated by magnified photographs. In his introductory remarks he stated that to present astronomical discoveries in their true perspective requires measurement as a fundamental condition. The great law of gravitation gives potency to calculation. Having stated the problem of astronomical measurement, the Professor explained the way in which the great survey of the visible universe had been effected. The unit adopted in this operation was the mean distance of the earth from the sun, between ninety-two and ninety-three millions of miles. Having described and illustrated the movements and phases of the planet Venus, he explained the way by which the observation at properly chosen spots of her transit over the disc of the sun had served as a basis for determining the sun's distance from the earth, commenting especially on the recent transits of 1874 and 1882. The next transits will occur in 2004 and 2012. This method, however, is beset with difficulties. An explanation was next given of the geometrical method of calculating the distance of the sun, proposed by Professor Gill, of Cape Town, use being made of the minor planets Victoria and Sappho, in comparison with a small star. When a base line is thus obtained the trigonometrical survey can be readily extended over the whole solar system, and thence to the more distant stars. The star 61 Cygni, the nearest to our northern hemisphere, has been estimated at about forty billions of miles, and some of the minute stars, only visible by our telescopes, a thousand times further off than the bright star Vega. Such distances are immeasurable.

### SPECTROSCOPIC INVESTIGATION.

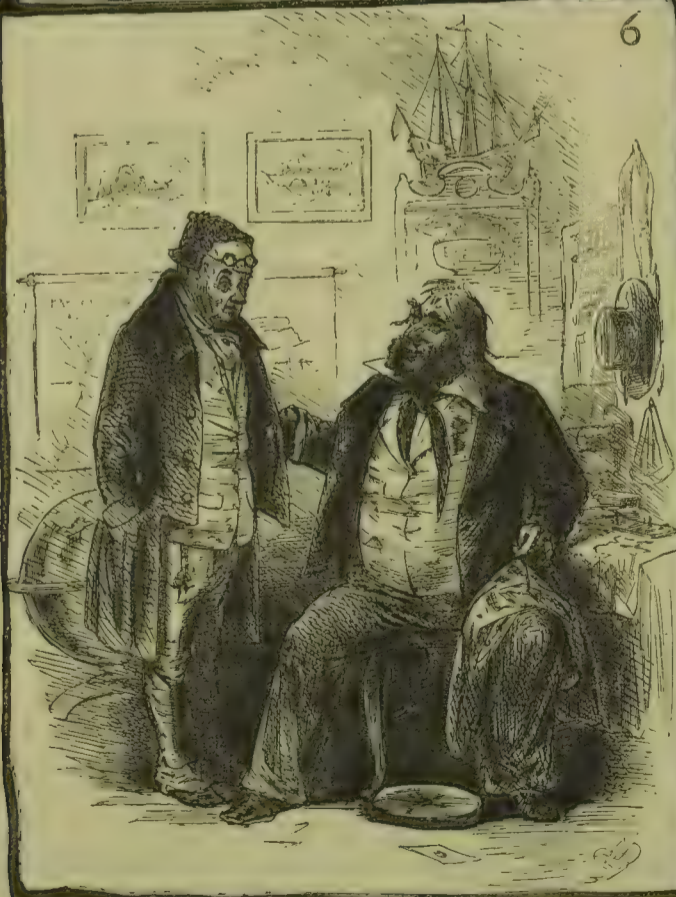
Professor Dewar, M.A., F.R.S., began his sixth lecture, given on Thursday, Feb. 22, with comments on the progress of spectroscopic investigation, illustrated by numerous experiments especially relating to chemical analysis. Every elementary substance—solid, liquid, or gaseous—has been now demonstrated to have a spectrum with characteristic coloured band or bands, and when the flame of any substance is interposed between its spectrum and the spectroscopic coloured bands are replaced by dark ones. The Professor first alluded to the researches of Wollaston and Brewster, and especially to those of Fox Talbot, who studied the spectra of several volatilised metals, such as lithium and strontium, and their salts. At the suggestion of Faraday, he examined the spectrum of cyanogen, the fine peach-coloured flame of which Professor Dewar exhibited. After stating that Young attributed the dark bands in the spectrum to optical interference, and explaining how this incorrect opinion had been utilised in spectroscopy, the Professor said that he considered that Fox Talbot's theory respecting the dark bands, put forth in 1835, virtually anticipated the theory of absorption now generally received. The Professor then described the researches of Wheatstone, Dove, and others, made by means of the electric spark and arc, and the various ingenious means which have been devised for volatilising the substances to be examined by the spectroscopic, in order to obtain strictly accurate results. Among other interesting experiments, the exceedingly faint spectrum of hydrogen gas was well shown. The way in which a number of photographs of the spectra of any substance are taken at the time of their production was explained and illustrated. The lecture was concluded with an experimental demonstration that the radiation of the electric arc is about ten times that of the oxy-hydrogen flame, and that of the sun probably above fifty times.

### SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, M.A., at the weekly evening meeting on Friday, Feb. 23, gave the discourse, which, in a brief biographical sketch, included a defence and eulogium of Sir Francis Drake, based upon authentic evidence, manuscript and printed, from which many extracts were given. Mr. Pollock confuted the erroneous opinion that Drake was of mean parentage, in the modern sense, a notion due, as Dr. Drake has shown, to Camden's Latin word "*mediocre*" being then rightly translated "mean"—i.e., middling. Drake was proved to be not a mere freebooter, but a man who loved his country, and who hated Spain with the Protestant hatred of the time, as well as for his own private wrongs. His first voyage was with Hawkins, in 1568, when he shared in the defeat in the bay of Mexico. Of his great voyage, known as "the World Encompassed," begun in November, 1577, many interesting details were given. The conspiracy and punishment of Thomas Doughty, one of the captains, was dwelt on at some length on account of its important relation to Drake's moral character. The evidence, when considered on all sides, led to the inevitable conclusion that the execution was an act of stern but necessary justice. Doughty confessed his crime, and immediately before his death took the sacrament, with Drake and his other judges. Among many interesting facts respecting Drake, Mr. Pollock referred to his great engineering skill in supplying Plymouth with an abundance of fresh water by a channel locally called "The Leat," brought from the confines of Dartmoor, a distance of twenty-four miles. This was an incalculable benefit to the town and to the fleet. Remarks were made on Drake's "singeing the King of Spain's beard" at Cadiz, and on the defeat and dispersion of the Spanish Armada. Drake sailed, with Sir John Hawkins, on a last and disastrous voyage to South America, which closed the careers of both the Commanders. Hawkins died on Nov. 12, 1595; and Drake died of a dysentery—it is said also of a broken heart—on Jan. 28, 1596. The discourse concluded with an eloquent summary of the fine qualities of our great naval hero.

### SPEAKING.

Dr. William H. Stone began his second lecture, given on Saturday last, Feb. 24, with remarks on the prevalence of bad speaking both in our public assemblies and on private festive occasions. This he attributed to our considering that, as Dogberry said of reading and writing, the art "comes by nature," without instruction. He then explained and illustrated the difference between speaking, singing, reading, and declamation. Dr. Stone described how the various vocal sounds are produced, and especially referred to printed diagrams, given to the audience, showing how the very numerous vowel and consonant (or articulate sounds) are produced, schemes extracted from Mr. Melville Bell's work on "Visible Speech." The latter part of the lecture was devoted to the principles of elocution. Great stress was laid on the importance of correct pronunciation and accentuation, the necessity of taking proper time, as many hearers are deaf or slow of comprehension, the advantage of cultivating flexibility of voice, which very much depends on the ear, and of good delivery. Correct emphasis essentially depends on the clear understanding of the sentence uttered. These principles were illustrated by many amusing anecdotes. In conclusion, Dr. Stone commented on three rules favourable to good public speaking—1. Know well what you are going to say; 2. Have no fear of your audience; 3. Do not strain after effect.



1. Illustration to Shakspeare's "Venus and Adonis."  
5. Major Bagstock (in "Dombey and Son").

2. "The Squire's Pony."  
6. Captain Cuttle and Sol Gills.

3. "Come here, Sir!"  
7. "Polly" and her Children.

4. "To Market, to Market, with a Fat Pig!"  
8. From "Venus and Adonis."



THE SILVER WEDDING CELEBRATION AT BERLIN: FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

## THE SILVER WEDDING AT BERLIN.

The celebration at Berlin, on Jan. 25, of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of their Imperial and Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince of Germany and Prussia and the Crown Princess, Princess Royal of Great Britain, was duly related in this Journal. Upon that interesting occasion, our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, was present by special permission; and by him we were furnished with sketches of the interior of the palace inhabited by the Crown Prince and Princess, the sitting room of her Imperial and Royal Highness, and the apartment that she uses as a studio for those hours of leisure which the accomplished and gracious lady is wont to devote to her favourite artistic pursuits. These illustrations were published in our number of the 3rd ult.; and were followed, on the

10th, by one representing a collection of the principal objects, pieces of sculpture, pictures, ornamental plate and furniture, and other works of art, presented to the illustrious couple by the members of their respective families, and by other friends, with the congratulations that were specially offered to them, agreeably to German custom, upon their completion of twenty-five years of happy wedded life. On account of the rather sudden death of Prince Charles of Prussia, uncle to the Imperial Crown Prince, a portion of the Court festivities prepared for the Silver Wedding Day had to be deferred till the present week. In the meantime, as the English public feels an undiminished interest, for many reasons, in the estimable reigning family of Prussia and Germany, we have prepared for our readers' gratification two Engravings, in one of which will be recognised the figures of

the Crown Prince and Princess, accompanied by their children and their son-in-law, the Prince of Meiningen. In the other group, the figures presented to view are those of "four generations of the House of Hohenzollern," consisting of the venerable Emperor-King William I.; his son, the Imperial Crown Prince Frederick William; his grandson, Prince William, who married, two years ago, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg; and their infant child, the aged Emperor's great-grandson, Prince Frederick, only a twelvemonth old. The Emperor was born on March 22, 1797, and will therefore soon have completed his eighty-sixth year. He succeeded his brother as King of Prussia in January, 1861, and was proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles on January 18, 1871. The Crown Prince, born on October 18, 1831, is now fifty-one years of age;

he was married to our Princess Royal on Jan. 25, 1858. Their eldest son, Prince William, was born on Jan. 27, 1859. Their eldest daughter, Princess Charlotte, born July 24, 1860, was married in February, 1878, to the Hereditary Prince Bernard, eldest son of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen; her child, the little Princess Feodora, was born May 12, 1879. The other children of the Crown Prince and Princess are, Prince Henry, born Aug. 14, 1862; Princess Victoria, born April 12, 1866; Princess Sophie, born June 14, 1870; and Princess Margaret, born April 22, 1872; all of whom will be found in the large Engraving presented for the Extra Supplement this week.

The deferred festivities and ceremonial courtesies which have taken place this week at Berlin will be described in our next; including a grand historical procession representing the chief personages, the brides and bridegrooms, with their companions and attendants, in their ancient costumes, who figured at several noted marriages of illustrious German Princes and Princesses, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The Prince of Wales has gone to Berlin from London, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh from St. Petersburg, expressly to be present at this Silver Wedding Festival of their Royal sister and her husband.

### NEW BOOKS.

It has been known for some time past that the *Life of Lord Lawrence* was to be the work of Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, assistant-master at Harrow School, and author of commendable historical essays upon Carthage and upon the religion of Mohammed. His recent lectures at the Royal Institution upon the government of India by Lord Lawrence will have been received as special proof of his thorough mastery of the subject dealt with in the two closely-printed volumes that Messrs. Smith and Elder have just issued. The readers of this important biography will not be disappointed, and there have been few public men of our time, though he never held any great political office in this country, whose character, actions, and opinions better deserve to be studied by every thoughtful Englishman—and equally, of course, by every Scotchman and Irishman—than John, first Baron Lawrence. Of himself, indeed, it may be said that, being an Ulsterman, an excellent specimen of that sterling race, he combined the best qualities of energetic and valiant manhood usually ascribed by patriotic partiality to the three distinct populations of the United Kingdom. It was once proposed to call Ulster, if not the rest of Ireland, by the name of West Britain; and the full strength of the British character has certainly been exhibited by many heroes of the civil, judicial, and military services, born and bred in that province. Of these "Scoto-Irish," as Mr. Bosworth Smith remarks in his first page, the Brothers Lawrence, more especially Henry and John, were among the finest examples; but he considers that Henry was more of an Irishman in temperament, and John more of a Scotchman. We venture to claim recognition of a good piece of the Englishman in both; as there is reason for thinking that the virtues of public life among our fellow-citizens throughout these islands are of no local origin, but are the product of a common citizenship grown up under the salutary influence of their Union. One of the younger of the many sons of Major Alexander Lawrence, a brave and sadly neglected soldier of the old Indian wars, John Mair Lawrence, born in March, 1811, was not destined, like his brothers George, Henry, and Richard, to follow the profession of their gallant sire; but he was to become the greatest of Indian civil and political administrators, and in that sphere a really eminent statesman. His capacity for rule and council in such affairs was probably superior to that of any English Prime Minister in his time; but, not having inherited the advantages of rank and fortune, he could not give the benefit of his direct services to the legislation and government of his native country. In comparing the amount of British political ability with that displayed by other nations, it is but fair to take account of the many first-rate men who are sent in their early youth to India because their families are poor, and the ablest of poor men, unless he gain success at the Bar, is hopelessly excluded from English public life. But even so great a man as Sir John Lawrence, though his services in the organisation of the Punjab, from 1846 to 1857, were appreciated by the governors of India, would scarcely have won a place in the highest rank, if the Sepoy War and the Siege of Delhi, putting to the test of a perilous struggle all the powers of British rule in the East, had not called upon him for wonderful efforts of skill and courage. His preceding career, from 1829, when he first went to India, his labours at several stations in the North-West Provinces, and then as magistrate of Delhi, next as Commissioner of the Trans-Sutlej States, after the first Sikh War in 1846, Acting Resident at Lahore with Runjeet Singh, and subsequently, after the second Sikh War (that of 1848), upon the annexation of the Punjab, one of the Commissioners, afterwards Chief Commissioner or sole manager, for the settlement of that large territory, with its bold and warlike people, will be found related in Mr. Bosworth Smith's first volume. This portion of the biography derives a vivid personal interest from the peculiar relations between John Lawrence and his elder brother Henry, who was also his official colleague in the first part of the Punjab business, when their differences of opinion, though compatible with the sincerest fraternal affection, caused much pain to both these excellent men. The conduct also of Lord Dalhousie's splendid but unsafe system of Indian government obtains some additional elucidation; and this volume ends with a chapter significantly entitled "The Brewing of the Storm." As a matter of taste, however, neither this title nor that of the chapter which begins the second volume, namely "The Hour and the Man," seems to us quite worthy of so grave and solid a piece of history. But the contents of the latter volume are of the highest value and interest, and are set forth in an unaffected style of thorough comprehension, and with just appreciation of the dignity of the subject-matter. The military operations of the Delhi campaign have been related before, yet a large number of Mr. Bosworth Smith's readers will prefer to dwell upon his fifth chapter of this volume for the animated description of that famous conflict. It has always been acknowledged that Sir John Lawrence mainly contributed to its success by his administrative efforts, during four months of tremendous struggle in forwarding the reinforcements he drew from the Punjab; as the Governor-General, Lord Canning, declared in a formal Minute, "through him Delhi fell, and the Punjab, no longer a weakness, became a source of strength." He may truly be said to have "saved India;" and his presence at Delhi, immediately after the capture of that city, and his dealings, just, firm, and merciful, as conquering pacificator, with the different classes of insurgents, exercised a vast moral force over all the Asiatic subjects of British government. He was for inflicting condign punishment on all the actual murderers of Englishmen and Englishwomen, and for persistent war against those who still offered resistance in the field, but for the most lenient treatment even of mutinous Sepoys who would lay down their arms. The next two chapters, "Recognition of Services," and "Home Life in England," covering the period from 1858 to 1864, contain

many pleasing anecdotes, and form an agreeable episode in the history of great transactions. In January, 1864, Sir John Lawrence returned to India as Governor-General; and during five years, a time of peaceful and prosperous domestic progress for that great Empire, the Viceroyalty was administered by him with uniform consistency of principle and system, with steadfast regard to equity, and with a prudence and moderation which have unfortunately not been observed by some of his late successors. The biographer or historian of his rule finds occasion more particularly to show what were the views of Lord Lawrence (raised to the peerage after his return to England in 1869) upon the difficult question of Bengal tenantry, which is just now engaging the attention of the Indian Government; and upon a topic of far greater notoriety—the proper course to be adopted with regard to Afghanistan. Lord Lawrence, as everybody will remember, was for a policy of non-intervention in the disputes between rival Afghan princes and factions; he would at any time freely recognise the native *de facto* ruler of that country, but would make no entangling alliances there, nor would in any case help one or another claimant to obtain or to recover power. He would renounce all idea of taking possession of Afghan territory, and never attempt to force an English Envoy or Resident upon the Afghans; but he would decidedly forbid Russia, or any other foreign Power, "to interfere directly or indirectly, by embassies or intrigues, by treaties or by arms," in a State which is continuous with the British dominions. All of us must remember how, in the autumn and winter of 1879, a very few months before his death, Lord Lawrence took a leading part in the controversy upon the merits of the war in which Lord Lytton and Lord Beaconsfield had chosen to engage against Shere Ali, which he condemned as an unjust as well as profitless enterprise. He particularly objected to the proposed annexation of territory beyond the mountain frontier of the Punjab, and to the forcible imposition of a British Resident at Cabul. But he would have been quite disposed to call Russia directly to account for any objectionable meddling with Afghan affairs. This concluding chapter of the biography, the "Last Years of Lord Lawrence," from 1869 to 1879, includes his three years' chairmanship of the London School Board, and various other matters of domestic interest. We can most sincerely commend Mr. Bosworth Smith's work to public favour, and we rejoice that so good a subject has been placed in the hands of an author who has dealt with it so well.

Mr. Bayard Tuckerman has chosen a well-worn subject in the *History of English Prose Fiction from Sir Thomas Malory to George Eliot* (Sampson Low). Such a choice is not in itself objectionable. Old topics are always open to fresh treatment, and where there is adequate knowledge and a charm of style a writer may travel with good purpose over the most familiar ground. But Mr. Tuckerman's volume bears no marks of originality, neither is there any particular attraction in his mode of expression. His history aims at too much, for it is obvious from the table of contents that such a narrative cannot be written adequately in about three hundred pages. The real interest of English fiction begins with the eighteenth century, and it would have been wiser we think to abridge the earlier portion of the narrative than the latter. We should like to have heard less about the Morte d'Arthur, Robin Hood, Sidney's Arcadia, and the Euphuus of Lyly, of which the writer has nothing new to say, and more about such a consummate mistress of the novelist's craft as Jane Austen, who is criticised in a paragraph. Nathaniel Hawthorne, too—the greatest literary artist and the most original novelist America has produced—is dismissed by his countryman in two pages of comment, which, to say the least, are far from adequate. Mr. Tuckerman seems to be better acquainted with the fictions of De Foe, Richardson and Fielding, of Sterne and Fanny Burney, than with the principal works of this century. Of the earlier novelists he writes as if he knew them intimately; of the latter as if he had merely made himself acquainted with the best criticisms about them. What Mr. Tuckerman says about Scott is true enough, but it sounds like the echo of earlier writers, and was scarcely worth repeating. We doubt if there is a remark upon the Waverley Novels which might not have been made by a person who had never read one of those "invaluable works," unless it is to be found in the complaint that "in 'The Talisman' and in 'Ivanhoe,' of which the scenes are laid in the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, the reader recognises little realism of language." We venture to think it well that he does not, and that Sir Walter's own explanation of his purpose in revivifying an early period of history is eminently satisfactory. It may be admitted that he has not done what he would have thought it folly to attempt to do. The reader who wishes to gain the most favourable impression of Mr. Tuckerman's art as the historian of fiction is advised to turn to the sixth chapter, in which the social condition of the eighteenth century, and the novels that illustrate it, are described with considerable ability. The volume will not satisfy the literary student who seeks for wider knowledge of a fruitful subject, but it deserves to be read, and will interest many readers.

When an anthology claims to represent the highest examples, and none but the highest, of the principal poets of our own age, the reader is entitled to expect a volume which will afford the greatest profit and delight. In the case of *Living Poets, MDCCCLXXXII* (Kegan Paul and Co.), the work of two anonymous editors, this promise cannot be said to be justified by the performance. It is, indeed, no exaggeration to assert that the selection utterly fails to fulfil its purpose, and that its defects of omission and commission will be obvious to every reader familiar with the subject. The omissions, we are told, have been made deliberately. Mr. Cory, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Bridges are among the almost unknown poets considered worthy of a place here, while no space is granted to Jean Ingelow, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. George MacDonald, Mr. Austin, Mrs. Pfeiffer, Mrs. Meynell, the poet known by the *nom de plume* of Ross Neil, and other writers whose claim to some attention can scarcely be disputed. Still more striking is the want of taste and knowledge exhibited in the choice of poems selected. In the case of a great and popular poet like Mr. Tennyson it would be impossible for the anthologists to go wrong altogether. Two or three poems are here which take rank with his greatest; but there are also insignificant pieces, such as the "Sailor Boy," and not one of the lovely lyrics, which, like "Home they brought her warrior dead," "Tears, idle tears," and "Break, break, break," show the poet in one of his finest moods. In the poems chosen there is no indication that the chronological order is maintained according to the statement of the preface. Turning, for example, to the poems of Mr. Matthew Arnold, by no means, with one exception, the best illustrations of his consummate art, it will be observed that the latest piece in the list is in reality an early poem. Lord Houghton is represented by the pretty song, which is only pretty, known as "The Brookside," and yet, in Lord Houghton's judgment, and in that of every competent reader, his best poetical work is to be seen in his sonnets. In their sonnets, too, Archbishop Trenchard and Mr. Aubrey de Vere appear to great advantage, which they can scarcely be said to do here; and it is to be hoped that the choice of pieces from

Mr. Browning's wealthy store-house will not be submitted to the judgment of the Browning Society. It may readily be admitted that the difficulties of forming a satisfactory anthology, especially of living poets, are by no means small. Every reader has his special taste, every critic his own judgment of the method to be employed, but while admitting this frankly, it seems to us wellnigh incredible that editors with such pretensions (we refer our readers to the Preface) should, in forming this selection, have gone so palpably astray.

### NOVELS.

Revolutions take place in the domain of fiction as well as elsewhere; and nobody who, being familiar with the English novels of former generations, reads *A Modern Instance*: by W. D. Howells (Edinburgh: David Douglas) can fail to perceive how fundamentally different is the new method of novel-writing from the old. The example offered is, no doubt, American and not English; but, as regards the point in question, and as regards many other points, English and American literature may be considered as one. We English find the American idioms piquant and amusing, and the descriptions of American scenery, manners, and customs refreshing and interesting, as well as instructive to a certain extent; and the converse may be said of Americans who read English novels: and that is about all the difference. It may be urged, of course, that American novelists did not begin to make their mark until what may be called the new school of English novel-writers had established the new order of things; but that, if it be so, does not affect the argument. Most novels of our day, then, and of our language depend for their interest upon an analysis, even a morbid analysis, of character rather than upon the romantic incidents, situations, and complications in which the earlier novelists delighted, and out of which it was the main purpose of the writer to bring the hero and heroine triumphantly and happily. "A Modern Instance" is an exceedingly good specimen of the later style; it has little or no plot, few and comparatively trivial incidents; but the two principal characters, of which neither commands much esteem, are elaborate and striking, if not attractive, studies of human nature, and such is the author's power of writing that he compels the reader to his will. Nor are the subordinate characters treated with much less skill and vigour; indeed, the heroine's father is, perhaps, the most truthfully and forcibly drawn portrait throughout the two volumes; and there is a remarkable picturesqueness about the story, which, gloomy though it be on the whole, is lighted up with gleams of humour. The tale is, to tell the truth, a very common one as regards the origin of the troubles it depicts. It is a case of marrying in haste, if not of repenting at leisure, of a passionately devoted but jealous, exacting wife and of a clever and prepossessing but utterly unprincipled and conceited husband, as unstable as Reuben and as mean as a hound, with a taste for flirtation, an inclination toward strong drink, and many other unhusband-like propensities. Perhaps a more despicable scoundrel than the husband has seldom blackened the pages of a novel; but the wife, though blameless in morals and admirable in her general behaviour as well as in her face and form, cannot be regarded as a pattern of amiability; extremely natural she is, no doubt, but with somewhat of the naturalness which might have been exhibited by Clytemnestra, if Agamemnon had attempted to avail himself of some such easy laws of divorce as Indiana once provided for the dissolution of inconvenient marriage-ties. Such a wife, it is safe to affirm, must have occasionally tried the temper of even the noble gentleman, if she ever married him, who is the Sir Galahad of the novel. He is a sort of cripple, poor man, as the Sir Galahad of modern novels so often is; and that is another change effected by the new school of romance-writers. Sir Galahad used to be a prodigy of agility as well as of morality; but, perhaps, the moderns are right; perhaps moral perfection, in the case of men—but not, it is scarcely necessary to say, of women—is compatible only with physical deformity. Let us hope, however, that the moderns are wrong.

Many an agreeable hour may be spent over *Kit; a Memory*: by James Payn (Chatto and Windus), three volumes full of excellent reading. It is not, however, in the plot and incidents that the principal charm resides, for the plot is slight and the incidents are trite; but the characters and scenes are handled in the author's best style, and his own remarks exhibit his usual keenness of observation and drollery of expression. The story opens with a description of a pleasant spot in the pleasant county of Cornwall; and three friends are "discovered" reclining there on certain slopes, on a summer's day, and conversing "in hushed tones and at intervals." Or perhaps it were more correct to say that one of the three is a close friend of the other two, who are themselves acquainted indeed, but moved one towards the other by such sentiments as the celebrated Dr. Fell inspired in a writer of epigrammatic verse. The eldest of the three, as it turns out, belongs to the category of those personages of whom Hamlet recorded a general opinion in his tablets, to the effect that "a man may smile and smile and be a villain." In this case also the villain resembles the villains of Denmark, in that he is undoubtedly "an arrant knave." That is not to be wondered at, inasmuch as he confesses on this summer's day, to the mingled amusement and consternation of his two hearers, that in his boyish days he made and signed with his blood a compact, after the fashion of Dr. Faustus, with the Prince of Darkness, whose presence and co-operation, however, he had to take for granted. No good, of course, could come of such a contract; and accordingly it is not long before we come upon unmistakable traces of the cloven hoof. There are rumours of Marguerites whose confidence has been betrayed; there is a robbery of bank-notes; there are, as was to be expected in a story whereof the scene is laid in Cornwall, mysterious dealings in connection with a deserted tin-mine; there is the abstraction of a very valuable diamond; and in all these matters the young gentleman who has signed away his soul with the blood from his finger is, of course, very intimately and very dishonourably concerned. So intimately concerned, indeed, is he, that he is ultimately found guilty of felony by a jury of his countrymen and is sentenced by another of his countrymen, an upright judge, to ten years' penal servitude. He is sent, not so much for his health as for less humane reasons, to Dartmoor, whence, however, by the instrumentality, no doubt, of the infernal agent, who can fill coffins with bricks instead of corpses and smuggle a live man out of Dartmoor Prison, he manages to effect his escape, so that we are left to conclude at the end of the story "that in another clime, and other circumstances, Kit is leading a new life, and doing well," which is a very sanguine conclusion to arrive at concerning a fellow-creature who made that awful compact. All this, it must be acknowledged, is a poor, common, worn-out foundation, upon which to build up a romance; but what a charming, graceful, and occasionally powerful structure, the author has raised upon it, is almost incredible, though disbelief will vanish on perusal of the novel. The author is evidently full of humanity; he seems to hold with good John Bradford, who would say, when he saw a poor



THE SILVER WEDDING AT BERLIN: THE IMPERIAL CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF GERMANY AND THEIR FAMILY.





1. The Bordj of the Haouia.  
4. Rock of Gh'mrassen (a Troglodyte village).

2. Interior of the Bordj.  
5. Gh'mrassen (opposite view), with the rock-cut dwellings.

3. Harvest-scene in the Plain of Benia.